THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. III, No. 15.—JULY, 1872.

REFUTATION OF CALUMNIES ON CATHOLIC CIVILIZATION.

NUMBER TWO.

MACAULAY, so long the brilliant essayist, and latterly the dramatic historian, is so well known and admired that he has been appropriately designated, "The idol of modern literature." His bold assertions when unfavorable to Catholicity are so acceptable to partisans outside the Church, that we are allowed the privilege of quoting him, where it serves our purpose. In the first volume of his "History of England," he speaks in the following terms of the Puritans whom we are invited to esteem as the very flower of Protestantism. "They mistook their own vindictive feelings for emotions of piety; encouraged in themselves by reading and meditation, a disposition to brood over their wrongs, and when they had worked themselves up into hating their enemies, imagined they were only hating the enemies of heaven. In the New Testament there was little indeed which, even when perverted by the most disingenuous exposition, could seem to countenance the indulgence of malevolent passions. But the Old Testament contained the history of a race selected by God to be witnesses of His unity and ministers of His vengeance, and especially commanded by Him to do many things, which if done without His special command would have been atrocious crimes. In such a history it was not difficult for fierce and gloomy spirits to find much that might be distorted to suit their wishes. The Puritans therefore began to find for the Old Testament a preference which showed itself in all their sentiments and habits. They baptized their children by the names, not of Christian saints, but of He-

brew patriarchs and warriors. Morals and manners were subjected to a code resembling that of the Synagogue, when the Synagogue was in its worst state. They were regulated by principles resembling those of the Pharisees, who, proud of their washed hands and broad phylacteries, taunted the Redeemer as a Sabbath-breaker, and as a wine-bibber." This miniature of a section when drawn out to a larger scale is the true picture of the Protestantism developed in the rebel of the sixteenth century. That rebel treats the New Testament with coldness, and the envoys of Christ with savage scorn. It speaks contemptuously of the kingdom which is not of this world,—it rails against the poor to whom the gospel is specially preached; it blasphemes the Providence of the Lord, who has declared that the poor shall be always with His Church; in a word it has become completely reinvested with the Hebraism of the falling Synagogue. Hence its desires are for an earth-bounded Canaan; its imagery of rewards is of the vine and fig tree order; it is very fond of fatted calves, and amazingly partial to cattle shows. The maceration of the flesh and humiliation of the spirit described by St. Paul, it calls insaneness and superstition; it canonizes none except men who are well to do in the world. Its angels are taken from the aristocracy of mammon. Mr. Drummond, the notorious London banker, and vile assailant of gospel purity, who weighed 300 pounds once, told us that he held the position of "angel in the church;" meaning the reading and talking room of the Irvingites. We innocently remarked that, "we were not aware of angels being so fat." This rebel proudly stalks about with the sentiment and full attitude of the Pharisees, it being the residuary legatee of that race of vipers. It esteems it vulgar and criminal to be obliged to say, "All you that pass by, attend and see if there be grief like mine." It prefers to assume that heaven is bound to smile upon it; being very proud of its carnal happiness, it exclaims: "Behold my purple and fine linen; see how well I look, how oily and sleek I am, because I feast sumptuously every day. The world loves me, and I love the world." This fact enables us to account for the original and continual denunciation of Catholicity for being too much abstracted with the things that are of the kingdom of Christ crucified, and so little favored by mammon. Hence it is that from the day the Founder of Protestantism delivered the first discourse of his pretended reformation in Eden, the various denominations of that one and immutable rebellion have totally ignored the three divine virtues, viz., "Faith, Hope, and Charity," and have substituted three mundane qualities,—"Wealth, Talent, and Respectability." Accordingly we find it industriously searching through the byways of adversity for evidence to decry the divine character of the Church, which draws close to its altar the ragged, the forlorn, the destitute of every caste and clime; and is so earnest in doing service to the despised things of this world.

The most untruthful and audacious invective against the Church,

is presented in the assumption that as things now are, civilization is the invariable accompaniment of Protestantism; whilst decay and abjection are the results of Catholicity. Let us cast our eyes over the map, and say which are the civilized and advancing nations, and which are those that have more or less relapsed into barbarism and distress. And in so doing, beware of adopting the monstrous notion that civilization is identical with physical power, or with any one peculiar form of political government. If a representative system like that of England, if the possession of a huge navy and an expensive army be essential to the perfecting of man as a cultivated being, then undoubtedly England is the paradise of humanity, and a comparison between it and any other nation is futile. We need hardly say that we repudiate any such false and shallow test. The proper question is: "Where are men most refined, most orderly, most cheerful, most intelligent, most moral, most honest, most industrious, most productive, most contented, most godly, most neighborly?"

Tried then not by presumption and infidel bigotry, but by the dictates of reason, how do the nations rank in the scale of civilization? Contrast first England and France as neighbors and rivals, and as equals in political power. In what way are the French people less civilized than the English? In literature, in arts, in diplomacy, in their love of country, in the general happiness of the entire mass of their people, no candid man can pretend that they are behind their Protestant neighbors. To this day the English are constrained to learn more from them than has ever been reciprocated. They are utterly unlike the English in regard to modes of government, not from an inferior degree of civilization, but from the fact that with them the discontented masses are bright-minded, fiery, and organized, and therefore powerful; while in England they are brutal, but without organization, and therefore powerless. The million in France is more daring and revolutionary than in England; but who that knows the utter demoralization, stupidity, and degradation of the enormous laboring class in English cities and villages, will venture to allege that their barn-door savages and town populations are so elevated in the scale of humanity as the peasantry and workmen of France? Whatever there is of ferocity among the French, is exceeded in England by the addition of brutality. The Parisian erects barricades, and shoots magistrates and soldiers; the Londoner, being more domestic in his habits, contents himself with beating his wife with an iron bar, or with kicking her till she dies. As to intellect, if civilization means intellectual power, the French red republican, or frequenter of the Palais Royal, certainly has his wits more sharpened than the garroters in the streets, and the supporters of the London gin palaces. Pass on to the mountain territories of Austria, where Catholicity alone guides the minds of the Tyrolese, and see how they compare with the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, so often put forward as tests in any discussion on civilization.

Let all that can be shown of industry and social progress in Switzerland come before us; all this, with the addition of the virtues of religion, we find in the gallant people who fought by the side of the illustrious chieftain Hofer. Let us take under our observation the various principalities of Europe, of inferior political importance, but strongly marked as either Protestant or Catholic. Such are Holland, Belgium, and smaller states of Germany and those of Italy; and the kingdoms of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. It is not possible that a well-informed man can read through this enumeration, and not admit that the theory as to the anti-civilziing tendencies of Catholicity is a delusion. In what points are the Protestant states of Germany superior to the Catholic? Are they more intellectual, more literary, more moral, more refined, more artistic, more devoted to peace and commerce? It is notorious that the lead in the restoration of German art has been taken by Catholic Bavaria; that Munich is a city in its own way unrivalled. The detestable hot beds of continental gambling are for the most part confined to Protestant states. Compare Holland with Tuscany. The Dutch are laborious cultivators of the soil, and energetic in struggling against the natural disadvantages of their territory; but the people of Tuscany are not less industrions in turning the resources of their beautiful land to the best account. There is no sensible man who so far as mere temporal cultivation goes, who would not be a Florentine on the banks of the Arno, rather than a Hollander smoking, drinking, and vegetating on money-bags, and breathing nauseous odors amidst the sluggish canals of that land of sour-krout and jaundiced Calvinism. Who that values all that is best in modern civilization would assign a respectable rank among rival nations to those immoral and gluttonous countries Sweden and Norway? If liberality of mind, and toleration of other men's opinions be the proof of civilization, where, we ask, is the parallel to Swedish intolerance and dastardly persecution? The feebleness, ignorance, and slovenly condition of the Neapolitan may be a watchword with libertine journalists; but we should like to give those vehement railers a choice of existence between Naples and some northern cities. Life is not more worth having in Sweden than in Calabria. The Norwegians are not one whit nearer the perfection of humanity than the masses of the Sicilians. One other deserves notice among European states. Whatever the Englishman may most admire in the institutions and social order of his country, he finds existing in Belgium; with this difference, that Belgium goes farther in those points which Britons most glory in. Her population is more orderly, more industrious, more intelligent and successful in agriculture than that of England, at all times its equal, and recently its superior in manufactures. The masses of the people have a larger share in the government of the nation, and in its local and municipal administration; they are better educated, and infinitely more moral. It is worthy of notice that the prosperity of Belgium as

an independent and Catholic nation has far outrun her progress while she remained linked to Holland, her Calvinistic neighbor. It may be asked, why then is Spain not like Belgium or Portugal, so reduced, and Rome so much criticized by foreigners? We reply, that in the decline of these and certain other states, religion has had no share whatever. We might indeed meet the adversary at the very threshold of the argument, and deny the decay to the extent to which it is asserted to exist. If morality, cheerfulness, and general popular happiness form any part of true civilization (as undoubtedly they do), then we do not for an instant admit that the people of Spain and Italy are in these respects inferior to the people of England. We assert the very contrary. Taking soul for soul in the entire population of the different nations, the Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese are by far happier, more moral, better mannered, and generally in a finer social condition than the English. Whatever there may be of civilization in England it is confined to the few alone, and does not reach the masses of the population. But in those countries whose political importance is now so low, where the reign of law and order is precarious, owing to the contagion of anti-christian revolutionism, and the British propagandism of infidelity and immorality, and where mechanical and industrial energy is in an inferior condition, in these the millions are in better circumstances than amongst the English. Whatever there is of decay in some nations is noticeable and defined, not in contrast with rival populations of the present age, but in a comparison with their own superior condition from which they have declined. And we trace this decline to the natural operation of causes over which the Church of Christ by its very mission has no control. Let us take Spain as an example, which, be it remembered, rose to the summit of national greatness while most Catholic, fell through the influx of the precious metals, through her American conquests, and some climatic and local impediments in the way of the novel evolutions of modern industry and commerce. No social prosperity could have survived under the inundation of gold which came in from Mexico and Peru, fostering the utmost extravagances of luxury among the rich, stimulating the minds of the people to pursuits, where success was suicidal, and paralyzing those productive energies without which a nation must necessarily hasten to decay. If Italy be taken into comparison, we state a notorious fact when we say that the immense majority of the Italian populace are religious, moral, and contented, and in genuine civilization and social welfare, immeasurably superior to their peers in any Protestant country in the world. Whatever there is of decay is owing to the intrigues of secret societies, to the plague of infidelity, to the disturbance of revolutionists, and most especially to the poisonous company of foreign visitors. Rome is especially and universally exhibited to serve the cause of anti-christian malignity. If Rome is less prosperous, less wealthy, less stable, less productive of indus-

trial, commercial, and mechanical triumphs than London, it is because the people are a feeble generation; and it is no part of Christianity to make ropes of sand, or to defy the natural influences upon the mind and body of man. It is the office of Catholicity to save souls; and until it can be shown that, taking man for man in the entire population of England and the Pontifical States, a larger proportion of individuals are habitually influenced by the love of God and their neighbor in Britain than in the territories of the Pope, it is evident that the distresses and difficulties of Rome are no proof whatever that the Church fails in her duty, in comparison with the Protestantism of any nation.

ALONE IN THE WORLD; OR, THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

Chapter VI.

THE GAMING HOUSE.

In a certain street in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, there is one of those houses which are the pest and scourge of society. I allude to a low gaming-house.

In the place in question, honesty is set at naught, for it is frequented by a gang of sharpers, who lay wait for the unwary; and woe be to those whom a passion for the card-table draws to such a place as this!

On a bleak night in March, a young woman, very thinly clad, if we may judge by the well-worn black shawl with which she strove to protect herself and an infant whom she bore in her arms from the inclemency of the weather, emerged from a house in the Palace Road, on the Surrey side of Westminster bridge, and heedless of the pelting storm, against which the umbrella she held in her hand offered but a poor protection, she pressed her baby to her bosom to still its cries, and threaded the wet, muddy streets which, after she had passed over the bridge, still separated her from Leicester Square.

It is easy to see that she has a purpose in view; in fact that she is dogging the steps of a man of some thirty years of age, whose fast-receding form she still keeps in view, despite the difficulty she incurs as she drags her feeble limbs painfully onwards, striving to keep up with the quick pace of the person she follows.

Rough men speak harshly to her, nay, they utter an imprecation as she pushes her way between them regardless of every obstacle, fearing only one thing, and that is, losing sight of the person whom she follows.

At length the man stops for a moment at the end of a dark, narrow street, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, he wipes

away the drops of perspiration which stand on his brow, even on that cold, bleak night. The woman pauses also, and leans against the wall of a house to rest, and presses to her breast the poor babe she bears in her arms; and bitter tears fall from her eyes as the rain pours pitilessly down; and she watches the man who, a few paces in advance, again moves onwards. He resumes his walk, but at a less rapid pace; and the female again proceeds also. In a very few minutes he pauses at the door of a house, seemingly quiet and well ordered.

He knocks, but finding the door ajar, he enters, closely followed by the woman who, with noiseless step keeps behind him still, as he ascends a flight of stairs, and throwing open a door, lined with green baize, enters a large and well-lighted apartment, along which are placed tables, with many persons seated round them, while others are anxiously watching their movements.

"You are late to-night," said a tall man, with a somewhat handsome countenance, though at the same time there was something that was almost forbidding in the sinister smile with which he regarded the new-comer, as pouring out a glass of wine, which stood on a side-table covered with refreshments, he handed it to him, at the same time whispering a few words which caused the latter to speak and turn angrily around.

"This is really *too* bad," for the first time conscious that his wife was beside him; "return home at once. Why, on earth, do you follow me like this?"

The wan features of the young creature whom he addressed sparkled with indignation, as she fixed her eyes on her husband's companion, and she replied, with an amount of calm determination one would not have believed her capable of possessing, at the same time composedly seating herself—

"I prefer to remain where I am, until we return home together."

"Poor fellow, I pity you," said the man, with a satirical smile; "but never mind, Fitz Maurice, I and my friends have been waiting for you for more than an hour. Leave Mrs. Fitz Maurice to herself a bit, and come and join us in a hand at whist."

The young woman started from her seat, and laying her hand on the arm of the last speaker, she said—or rather hissed out between her teeth—

"Mr. Denison, you are hurrying my husband to destruction. You are dooming us to a fate worse than death in luring him hither. Night after night have I watched, and waited, and wondered, and prayed God to support me under my trials; and then I resolved to dog his steps. I have done this, and behold with my own eyes the consequence of the influence you possess over him."

"Be calm, dear; or you will not be suffered to remain here. Take a seat by the fire, while I join Mr. Denison at the whist table," said Fitz Maurice; and as he spoke he pressed his hands upon her shoulders and forced her into the chair.

Then he turned away with a scowl upon his brow, which augured ill for the wife who had so resolutely dogged his steps; and seating him-

self at the table, took up the—to him—fatal cards!

Very pale and quiet was the wretched wife. Occasionally her lips moved as in prayer, and a hot tear ever and again fell on the babe at her breast. She had turned round on her seat after her husband had left her, so as to command a view of the table and of him. Not a movement, not a glance escaped her; she saw the compressed lips, the pale face, the angry frown, as the minutes flew on, and he beheld fortune still against him. Denison, like his evil genius, instigating him to venture further, yet further, till he should have staked his last coin.

Once he started from his seat, and pushed back the dark locks of hair which fell in heavy masses over his broad and open forehead; and then his companion whispered something in his ear, and he mechanically seated himself again, and putting his hand in his pocket, fumbled for a moment, and at last produced a bank-note for the sum of ten pounds, which he flung upon the table.

Then, for the first time, the woman started to her feet, and standing beside him, laid one hand on his arm, and prayed him, for God's sake, to desist and return home.

He turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, and savagely bid her be still. Then he resumed his play; but alas! he was no match for those with whom he contended! After a while the play was ended, and the ten-pound note passed into the grasp of the sharpers with whom he had associated himself.

Like a statue, watching every turn in the play, Mrs. Fitz Maurice had retained her place motionless beside him, then when she beheld him rise from his seat, and with frantic gestures tear his hair, and rave that he was ruined and undone, her strength gave way, and with the babe still in her arms she fell heavily to the floor.

She was raised tenderly by the unhappy husband; but a thin stream of blood oozed from her lips. A cab was sent for, and the form of the insensible woman was placed within it and conveyed home. The wailing babe was charitably taken care of by a fellow-lodger, whilst its young mother's life ebbed slowly away.

Once she looked up and spoke. The medical man, who had been hastily fetched, had declared the case a hopeless one and had left. The mistress of the house watched and tended her, whilst the misguided husband sat beside, holding her hand in his own, when a feeble whisper broke the silence—"Kathleen, write to Kathleen; *she* will be a mother to my child: promise me this, and I shall die in peace."

"I will—I will; but you are not dying, dear? No; you will live. Tell me you will live; and I will reform my life, and we will pass happy days together yet!"

"Fetch me a priest, Robert. I am dying, my husband; let there be no delay."

Horror-stricken, for he had hoped against hope, the miserable man rushed from the house to the nearest chapel, and arousing a priest, speedily returned with him to his dying wife.

The last rites of religion were administered to the unhappy girl, whose transit from time to eternity

was unmarked by the horrors of a death-agony. Privation and suffering of various kinds had been her portion since the ill-omened day that she, an orphan, had linked her fate with that of Robert Fitz Maurice, who, smitten with an inordinate love for the gaming-table, had sacrificed to that fearful passion—wife and child, honesty and fortune.

The gray shadow of death had set its seal on her features ere the pale light of the winter's morning had dawned on the scene, and the tried spirit of the ill-used, broken-hearted wife had passed to a better world ere the hum of busy life made itself heard in the street beneath.

She had asked for her child, had strained it to her bosom, again murmuring the name of "Kathleen," and expired whispering the words—"Now, O Lord, thou dost dismiss thy servant in peace."

Chapter VII.

THE ARREST.

"Why, what on earth is the matter, Kathleen? You look quite pale over the contents of Robert's letter. Some fresh trouble, I suppose? What a ne'er-do-weel, that brother of ours is!"

"Dora is dead!" and the letter fell from her hands as she spoke, and leaning her head on the table, she burst into tears.

"And the baby—what will become of it?" said Helen. "Give *me* the letter. I want to see if he is still out of employment."

Mechanically Kathleen passed the letter to her sister. Her brother's handwriting was generally bold and clear; but his distress of mind was evident in the present scrawl, and in the terms in which the letter was couched, being rather the raving of a person of disordered intellect than of one in the possession of his senses.

This was the opinion of the matter-of-fact Helen; who remarked, "I am very sorry to hear of poor Dora's death; but I never thought Robert cared so much for her as that letter would seem to denote. Men lose their wives daily; but they do not go out of their senses. *He* was not a loving husband—not *he!* Has he not struck her, in his temper? Has he not half-starved her, by his idle, ne'er-do-weel ways? And the baby—what of the baby? What does he mean to do with that, I should like to know?"

Kathleen looked up, with a perplexed air. "Ah! indeed, what will be done with my poor little god-daughter—my little Mary? If I had but money, now, how I should delight in taking that baby to my arms."

"But you have *not* any money, Kathleen. We are poor as Job, striving all day and half the night for a poor pittance, scarce enough for ourselves and that poor old soul yonder," and Helen looked significantly at her mother, and dropped her voice as she spoke. "*We* cannot help Robert; it is hard work to help ourselves. And how ridiculous! he wants you to go over: never thinking of the expense of a journey to London—and the winter scarcely over too."

"I must go to London, nevertheless," said Kathleen, half-timidly. "I shall not touch our small hoard. I had laid aside, you know, a little money for my own personal wants. I shall make up a parcel,

and leave here by this evening's boat, and I will return in three days if possible."

"Ah, yes! the old tale! Use every farthing you can call your own; go without common necessaries for yourself, and get no thanks for it."

Kathleen made no reply; but rose from her seat, sought her own little chamber, dropped a few tears to the memory of Dora, and set about collecting a few necessary articles of wearing apparel. Happening to have mourning by her, she was saved the expense of buying black, and the money to which she alluded was in fact laid aside to purchase raiment for the approaching summer. Well aware was she, that her matter-of-fact sister would disapprove of the plan she already thought of putting into execution.

"What is to be done, had best be done out-of-hand at once," was the motto of Kathleen, and with an unwavering trust in Providence, she never made calculations, as did Helen, as to whether the sums she occasionally drew from her little means would be able to be made up or not, but was wont to say that God would multiply her means, and send her wherewith to make up for what Helen termed her improvidence.

A few hours later she was ready equipped for her journey; and tenderly kissing her sick mother, promised her faithfully to return by the next boat; and feigned not to notice the evident dissatisfaction of her sister.

It was a soft, calm evening, and Kathleen much preferred remaining on the deck of the vessel to going below. She stood for some time gazing on the bay, as it slowly receded from her view; then her eye wandered over villas, woods, and pasture land, spread over a country whose surface gently rising, gradually ascended to the Wicklow Mountains, which closed in the view, catching on their heights, empurpled in the distance, the fading light of the fast-setting sun. Gradually the fine scenery, swelling into graceful eminences, and interspersed with woods and villas, was veiled in the obscurity of the evening; but still Kathleen lingered on the deck, till the cold night air drove her reluctantly to her berth.

On her arrival in Liverpool, on the morrow, she at once continued her way to London, arriving at Euston Square late in the evening, and taking a cab she proceeded to Lambeth.

The door opening as the cab drew up, showed how anxiously she was expected; but she started back, appalled at the alteration in her brother's appearance, but making no remark, though the tears stood in her eyes, as he embraced her, and called her his "dear Kathleen, so good of her to come so far, to help a worthless scapegrace out of his trouble." She followed him silently and sorrowfully up the staircase, and her heart ached, as the wail of poor Dora's infant struck upon her ear.

"Things have grown much worse," thought she, as she looked round the apartment, shorn of many a little comfort, and her eyes involuntarily wandered, while he spoke, from the apartment and its shabby belongings, to Robert, who once—and that not so very long

since—possessed no small claims to manly beauty; but whose face was now pale and haggard, even by the lamplight; and as he bent over the tea table, she beheld his once rich brown hair thickly striped with gray.

"I am in greater trouble than you can imagine, Kate," he said, at length, as he handed her a cup of tea; "not only is my poor girl lying dead in these detestable lodgings, and a little baby, with no one to take care of (by the way, Dora's last words, Katy, were 'to recommend her child to you'), but a week since, to put a climax to my horrors, *this* horrid thing was put into my hands."

"A writ," murmured Kathleen, as her eyes fell on the ominous paper he placed in her hand, "and for a hundred and twenty pounds! Oh! Robert; what can have made you run so recklessly into debt?"

"*Made* me run into debt! Well, that's a pretty question, too; but you women do not understand. I could not get work, so I started on my own account; opened a concern as wine merchant, and got no customers; won a few pounds at a gaming house, and went again and again, with the hope of trebling my winnings—but lost! When I *did* get an order for wine, which was not very often, I started off to Leicester Square with the money, lured on by one who has been my ruin; but *she* followed me," and here Robert looked significantly at a door at the further end of the apartment, and Kathleen immediately comprehended his meaning. "I was half mad the other night, and frightened her by my conduct—she broke a bloodvessel. I had recklessly staked and lost my last sovereign—had not a shilling in the world, and brought her home to—to die!"

Here the wretched young man leaned over the table and covered his face with his hands, and Kathleen could hear him sob, and saw the large tears trickle through his fingers.

She rose from her seat, threw her arms round his neck, called him "her dear Bertie," tried to speak of better days to come, to whisper hope and encouragement, while her own heart was ready to burst, for she felt all that weight of sorrow which oppresses us when we so wish to help but lack the power, adding, "only resolve, Bertie, *never* to touch a card again, and you may yet do well."

But for the present the sympathy of Kathleen was unavailing, so she touched upon another topic—the lost mother and the little child, for which another had answered at the font in her name. And the tiny infant was then brought into the room, by the mistress of the house, who, out of a motive of compassion had taken charge of it, as she said, "till Miss Fitz Maurice should arrive." For a time the wild grief of the young man was quieted, and then returning the child to Mrs. Robinson, with a promise that she would arrange on the morrow for the future care of it, Kathleen accompanied him into the room where the remains of her sister-in-law lay till the day of burial.

Calm and placid now, were those features in the repose of death; the throbbing heart, forever at rest, would throb no more. Verily,

though struck down in the midst of her youth, death was to her a happy release!

Worn out with travelling, fatigue, and anxiety, Kathleen when she left the chamber of death, repaired immediately to a small but comfortable bed-room, which Mrs. Robinson had prepared for her reception; but she sat down by the bedside, and, fatigued, as she was, she did not for a long time prepare for the rest she so sorely needed.

"What is to be done?" she murmured, half aloud, "in the midst of all my occupations, and of this hard, sharp struggle for life, how am I to rear a tender infant? And yet God seems to have destined the helpless babe to be my charge. What shall I do? What will Helen, and what will my mother even say, at my taking back with me to Ireland, this poor babe? Alas, alas! Had I a little income—had I not to earn every shilling I possess, the task would be comparatively easy; as it is, I am full of trouble and anxiety, not only about the infant, but for that misguided Bertie. Well, well, something may turn up. I must reflect; and then decide what is to be done."

Then she commended herself to God, and betook herself to rest. No quiet and refreshing slumber visited her pillow that night; her sleep was disturbed by hideous dreams, such as haunt the sleeping hours of the trouble-minded, and when the morning light broke into her chamber she started up in bed, realizing only by degrees the conviction where she was. Gradually came back the source of the disquiet of the previous night, and her remembrance of her brother's misfortunes, arising in no small degree from his imprudence, and in which it appeared she would have to bear no small share.

To the helpless infant, the warm and affectionate heart of Kathleen turned with that tenderness which God himself has implanted in the breast of womankind, for whether they be called to motherhood or not, the instinct is common to all whose hearts are not dead to soft emotions. But Kathleen was a timid woman, and she had somehow an insuperable fear of returning to her mother and sister incumbered with a helpless infant. Doing her best to shake off the feeling of depression, she arose, dressed herself, met her brother at the breakfast-table, discussed the arrangements of the two following days, gave him the whole of the money still belonging to her, after she should have defrayed the expenses of her journey home, in order that he might be able to pay for his wife's funeral, and passed the morning in talking over his affairs.

The writ which he had shown to her had been served upon him the week before the last fatal night at the gaming-table, to which he had rushed in the hope by some stroke of good luck to retrieve his shattered fortunes—humanly speaking, no help could be anticipated. The funeral was arranged to take place the next day, and the time allowed him to make up the sum had now expired, and immediate arrest would ensue should he be traced to the new lodgings he had taken. Never endowed with any great amount of energy, and naturally of a despondent temperament, it was pitiable to see the state of dejection to which

he was reduced; nor could Kathleen banish from her mind the remembrance, that to be out of employment, heavily in debt, and his wife dead, was more than sufficient to cause depression, apart from the anguish we experience, when conscious that we have ourselves been instrumental in causing our own misfortunes.

Very wearily that day passed on, and the next the modest funeral cortège proceeded to the cemetery at Kensal Green—Robert and his sister being the only mourners. They had returned home, and the brother and sister sat sipping their cup of tea in mournful silence. Kathleen's arrangements for her return on the morrow, with the infant under her care, were all completed, and the last notes of the clock of the old church at Lambeth striking six had died away, when two loud distinct knocks were heard at the street door. Her heart beat, she knew not why, for Robert had given her to understand that his present residence was not known, and with trembling hand she put down the cup she was raising to her lips, when she heard her brother's name asked for at the street door. She raised her eyes to the face of Robert. It was deadly pale. His frame shook as if he had the ague. A moment's pause—there was a scuffle, and she plainly heard the voice of friendly Mrs. Robinson, urging that her lodger must not be disturbed—"he had just come, poor gentleman, from his wife's funeral." Of course, her words were useless; a moment more the door was opened, two men followed each other into the apartment, and Robert Fitzmaurice, addressed by his full name, was declared under arrest for a debt of £120.

Chapter VIII.

ELLA'S RECOGNITION.

"The child is very ill, Martha, I am most unwilling to leave him. Will you watch him carefully till my return?"

"He have gotten another bout with his teeth, ma'am—a bit poorly—leave him with me. He'll be quite safe, I'll warrant."

But the child's face was sadly flushed; it whined fearfully, as it nestled up to Ella's bosom, and uttered a piteous scream, when Martha approached to take him from her mistress's arms.

But there was a stern necessity for Ella to leave home for a couple of hours; so she mastered her repugnance to parting with the sick child, and placing it in the servant's arms, she hastened from the room.

Then she carefully folded up, in a sheet of paper, a couple of paintings—small, but exceedingly well executed—and hastened with them to a printseller, to whom she occasionally disposed of her pictures.

Ella had lost her situation, and was now endeavoring to add to her income by the produce of her art. When she entered the printseller's shop, his attention was engaged by two ladies, who were making purchases at the other end of the shop. There were also two gentlemen conversing together.

The voice of one of them was strangely familiar to her ear. She instantly lowered her veil, and leaned against the counter for sup-

port, for she stood in the presence of the man who had wronged her.

She then listened attentively to the conversation, for she was attracted by hearing the well-known name of Fitz Maurice pronounced, with a light laugh, by her old acquaintance. "And he has been arrested, then?" said his companion.

"Yes; he is in Horsemonger Lane. His sister, Kathleen Fitz Maurice, took into her head to come all the way to Tulse Hill, to my house, to beg of me to forgive him the debt, and he would pay me when he got into employment; but I did not choose to grant her request. I knew something of the girl when I was in Warwick, though her brother did not know me. My name is a common one, you know. She quite started when she recognized me; and begged that I would let off her brother—let off one of the biggest young scamps that ever lived! Why, I found out that he sold my wine, and took the money to a gaming-table. I'll keep him in prison, if I can—I can tell him that!"

"How odd you should have met an old acquaintance in his sister," replied his companion, "and did you hear anything about the lady you turned off so unceremoniously on the eve of her wedding-day?"

"Why, as I have said, my name is common enough, and she did not seem to have thought *I* was the Mr. Smith whom she had previously known. It was really amusing to see the girl. She seemed struck by astonishment — could scarce speak when she recognized me. The beauty of it was, that she spoke me fair enough at first, condescending to beg I would let her rascally brother off; and when I refused, laid open her most private affairs—(they seem to be terribly poor, the whole family, by the way) —and when I still turned a deaf ear, the vixen showed herself in her true colors, and rounded upon me in the most disgraceful way, accusing me of perfidy in my treatment of her friend, Ella Graham, and very charitably informed me that the day would come when I should be punished for, what she was pleased to call, my misdeeds."

"Noble-hearted Kathleen! so near, and yet I cannot see her," sighed the seeming widow, whose head was still bent over her paintings.

At length, the ladies having made their purchases, prepared to leave the shop. Ella's two sketches were exposed to view—one, the portrait of a lovely child, about two years old, sitting on the ground, playing with flowers; the original of the picture was the sick child in her own home; the other represented a beautiful woman, with a calm, composed, but withal anguished expression of countenance, in the act of tearing from her head a bridal veil, surmounted by a wreath of orange blossoms. Ella, as the printseller approached, had instinctively drawn nearer, in order for him to come between her and her enemy; but her caution was unavailing; as he laid down the painting of the child, it was immediately taken up by Smith, examined, criticized, and pronounced admirable; then, whilst his eyes fell on the second portrait, an exclamation burst from the lips of her cruel foe, and hurrying

forward, the printseller for a few moments leaving the shop, he exclaimed, in a low tone—"By all that's wonderful, Wilton, the portrait of the very woman I was about to marry;" then, turning so as to face Ella, he added, in a louder key, "May I ask, madam, where you obtained that picture? it is an exact resemblance of a friend of mine." Forgetful of the presence of others, the indignant Ella no longer coveting to remain unknown, drew herself up to her full height, threw back her widow's veil, and steadily confronting him, exclaimed—

"The original stands before you, sir; thankful, most thankful, that a merciful Providence interposed to prevent her marriage with one of the most worthless of mankind."

"Ella!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, thoroughly taken by surprise, and starting back, as she threw back her veil for a moment, he felt shocked and abashed; then, speedily recovering himself, he exclaimed, with mock humility, bowing profoundly, as he spoke—

"I thank you, with all my heart, madam, for the courteous compliment contained in that pretty speech of yours; and at the same time congratulate you upon the speed with which you made amends to yourself, by entering into the bonds of matrimony with some one else, though it appears you were very soon left in a state of widowhood. I wish you good day," and again bowing ironically, and whistling a popular air, trying vainly to hide the discomfiture he really felt, he hurried from the shop with his friend.

"I have seen that face before, Mrs. Darvil, in either a painting or a photograph, I do not remember which," said the printseller, who now returned to the shop, "therefore this cannot be an original; and I do not encourage you for copies. I believe I said so, when you first called upon me."

"It is an original, I assure you," said Ella; and at the same moment a thrill of terror ran through her frame, for in the early days which followed her departure from Ashleigh Thorpe, she remembered reading in one of the papers, that Mr. Forrester had caused photographs of her personal appearance to be left at the police stations, hoping by this means to track the fugitive.

Fortunately for the success of her ill-advised scheme, Mr. Hughes did not remember that an acquaintance, a commissioner of police, had shown him the photograph in question; at the same time telling him the strange story to which it referred.

"I feel almost certain that this is but a copy. However, I shall not decline purchasing it," said Mr. Hughes, laying the money on the counter, as he spoke, adding, "I shall not require the other today."

Glad to escape without any evil consequences resulting from her indiscretion, Ella hurried from the shop, walking speedily onwards, fearful lest she should be followed, recognized, and charged by, she knew not whom, with the abduction of the infant.

When she arrived at home, she found the child worse, and taking it in her arms she despatched Martha for a doctor. She was quite as

solicitous for its health, as if she had been one of the tenderest of mothers!

Though Ella was perfectly conscious of the wrong of the act she had committed in stealing the child from its home; she was nevertheless, doubtless, in such a state of mind that she could scarcely be deemed responsible for the act. She was not a mother; never would be, in all human probability, and yet—strange caprice of the female heart—she lavished on the offspring of others all that outpouring of affection, which is scarcely attributable save to one who is in truth a mother. Not unfrequently is this the case, in those whom prudence, the discharge of filial duty, or other circumstances, pass their lives in celibacy. Hence, the numberless instances we meet with, of persons who adopt, and in a manner become the mothers of the little relatives, or perhaps even the little strangers whom they take to their hearts, lavishing on them an excess of affection, equal to, or sometimes exceeding, that of many mothers.

In Ella's case, there was doubtless a partial aberration of intellect, for no person in her senses would have stolen away the child of another, and on a bare income of fifty pounds a year, together with the produce of her hard earnings, have cherished and maintained it.

"My little darling is very ill, Mr. Clay," said Ella, as the medical man made his appearance, "I fear he is sickening for some childish complaint—the measles, or scarlet fever, perhaps," and as she spoke two big tears fell on the little face, which nestled so lovingly in her arms, as the stranger drew nigh.

"He has not yet cut all his teeth, ma'am," said the doctor, "no need for tears; bless me, you must not send for me at every turn, you know. The bright little fellow will be all right soon; but he is the *only* tie now, and so we must make excuses for what we might otherwise call foolish fears," he added, glancing at Ella's widow's cap, as he spoke.

"Yes, this dear child is, indeed, my only tie," she said, and a faint flush suffused her cheek, as she spoke; and then, for she was fearful of being asked unpleasant questions, she said, "You think, then, I may feel quite at ease about him; there is nothing particular the matter?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," was the rejoinder; and patting the little fellow on the cheek, the doctor took his leave.

"There is nothing particular the matter with my darling, Martha," said Ella, as the latter entered the little parlor.

"No, ma'am, to be sure there isn't; the child has gotten a little poorly, that be all; and ye flusters and fumes we all day long, and all night, in a manner of speaking, as if you hadn't enow to trouble you already. I'm sure you look ill, rather more than baby; but I've got muffins and pikelets for your tea, and try and make a good meal—there's a good woman."

Ella shrugged her shoulders impatiently, as her rough but honest handmaiden concluded her speech, and made a sour grimace when allusion was made to the out-of-the-

way fare Martha had provided for the tea-table. She made no reply, however, her mind too full of other ideas to contest the point of prudence just then. It is quite useless to attempt to blind a servant to the state of your finances, and Ella was worn out with the repeated disobedience Martha exhibited to her commands. In the somewhat plebeian neighborhood in which she resided, shrimps, dried haddocks, water-cress, muffins, with other comestibles, for the early five o'clock tea of the greater part of the inhabitants, were daily vended in the streets, and if Ella happened, as she generally was, to be absent from home, something beyond bread and butter was sure to appear at teatime, even if Martha went in trust for the same.

Ella had found her servant disobedient on more than one occasion, and had scolded her sharply, for laying out the money left with her in case of a sudden want, for her young charge. She had wisely trusted that all would be well till her return, so had left her maid without any money; but when the "cries" in the street sounded in her ears, the temptation was too great to be resisted, nor could Ella find it in her heart to scold her very sharply, seeing that she was actuated by no selfish motive, for her purchases were not on a scale large enough for that to be the case.

At first Ella's proud spirit had been on fire, when the rough Lancashire maid, whom, from the state of her hands had, she had reason to believe, filled the place formerly of an inferior farm servant, possibly working at times in the fields, had addressed her as "My good woman," and had said—

"I would thank you, Martha, never to address me in such a way again."

"Why, ma'am, I dunna' mean any harm, for sure. In the country as I be comed from, we speak that way, and never heed it."

"But *I* heed it, Martha; such a way of speaking sounds both rough and rude. Never let me hear you speak so again."

"Good woman, indeed! What next? How terrible is this constant and close intercourse, entailed on me by that girl being so much with me during my dreadful poverty!" sighed Ella, as Martha quitted the room.

It was all no use, however; Ella's ears were again and again doomed to be shocked by the rough, coarse way in which her handmaiden addressed her; but she bore with it, as she bore with much that was infinitely more vexatious and painful, because Martha was steady, honest, and willing; took her plain, homely, and ofttimes scanty fare, without a murmur; and above all because she loved the child whom Ella's strange infatuation had stolen from its natural protectors.

(To be continued.)

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

A soothing strain of solemn harmony
My footsteps stayed upon an unknown street;
Methought I caught melodious Latin words,
And chanting of young voices fresh and sweet;
And close at hand, thro' studded doors ajar,
A taper glimmered like a distant star.

II.

A golden cross on high—a golden cross
Sunk, like a jewel, in the polished wall:
To pass the threshold was to see the font
Of blessed water in the outer hall;
And prayerful statues gleaming thro' a mist
Of incense, by the fading sunlight kissed.

III.

Gothic the little chapel, pure and quaint,
Its altar decked with lilies freshly blown;
The frescoed ceiling fair with floating saints—
A sculptured Christ upon a cross of stone.
"Here will I rest!"—and on the plushy floor
I knelt with many others to adore.

IV.

But lo! a vested man who was no priest
A sacramental cup bore to and fro:
And unto that which was no wedding feast,
With folded hands, I saw the people go;
And round the altar-railing knelt and fed
On that which was not the angelic Bread.

V.

Oh! then I rose up trembling and in tears,
My heart with pity melting in my breast!
So fair a fraud, a counterfeit so rare
Might well bewilder and betray the best.
Phantoms of statue, sacrament, and shrine—
Blank shadows of a substance all divine!

VI.

"*Domine Jesu!*" sang the children's choir,
"*O Bone Pastor!*" sang they overhead:
The tender invocation, rising higher,
Followed me thro' the portals as I fled;
Till up the twilight streets I seemed to hear
The answer stealing musical and clear:

VII.

"*And other sheep I have—not of this fold:*
Them also must I bring, that there may be
One Fold and one True Shepherd,"—Dearest Lord!
Make haste and draw these lost ones speedily;
Lest, having been so near and yet so far,
Their doom reveal how stern Thy judgments are.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION ANSWERED.

"WHERE shall we find Christianity such as Christ taught it, not such as men have made it?" is the important question put by a large class of Protestants, who tired of the vapid talk of their self-appointed teachers, are themselves moving in quest of the Christian system such and just as it came from the Divine mind of its author. After listening for years to what men have said about Him, they wish to hear Himself. They long to place themselves in living and infallible communication with Him, the Teacher of men; not through the dead medium of a book, nor through the unsafe channel of mere religious feeling.

This question, it is clear, is a tacit admission of the failure of Protestantism. Hitherto, the Bible has been regarded as a divine teacher; but the reflecting Protestant sees that though the Scriptures may contain the word of God, still the process of his mind in taking in their teachings is liable to error; that whilst the Bible proclaims infinite truth, his mind is limited and may turn the truth into a lie. Hence the question, Is there outside of ourselves any organ or medium of Christian truth through which the doctrines of Christ can be let into our minds with infallible certainty? Is there objective Christianity—any Church which can teach us without putting us under the fearful responsibility of making our own religion, of fashioning Christianity for ourselves?

A Catholic at once answers: My Church is what you want; and he takes the Church as a living fact and fulfilment of all the conditions

which the inquirer seeks. The beauty and excellency of the Catholic method of authority in faith are shown forth; the relations of the Church and the Scriptures are unfolded; and thus starting with the Church, as a living fact and truth in the world, we argue from Scripture, tradition, and the other sources of proof and means of conviction, to the grand truth that the Church is Christianity such as taught by Christ. This, after all, is the best way of settling the question; but Protestants, from prejudice or some other cause, will not accept the Church idea presented in this form. They are more easily reached by an argument drawn from pure reason illustrated by Scripture, and hence, Moehler and his class of theologians, that follow this plan of argumentation, have effected more good, even at the slight expense of logic, than other theologians who adhere strictly to the older method of theological demonstration. Thus, absolutely speaking, our Lord could have founded His Church other than he did. Yet Moehler constructs the Church on the basis of the Incarnation. The visibility, the Divinity, the humanity, the unity of Christ, are all shadowed forth and have inbred into and are reflected in the Church. So whilst many theologians condemn as faulty and illogical any speculation upon or any attempt to form an ideal of the Church anterior to or independently of the Church which our Lord actually founded, still there are others who defend such a process of reasoning as wholly justifiable and convincing.

Hence on the very threshold of the question, Where is Christianity? we are met by the presumptive evidence that our Lord *did* establish some organ or medium by which his doctrinal and ethical system might go down, pure and undefiled, to the remotest time. Believing Him to be God, we of course believe that he could have planned a way by which to communicate with human thought and life in all ages and in every land. Unless we wish to confine the sphere of his mission to the very narrow limits of a few years, a few towns, and a few obscure tribes of Jews, the presumptive evidence stands that he so fashioned this organ of communication as to place it within reach of the whole human race. Hence we do not think that he made a book his medium of communication, for by so doing, he would have cut off from any means of learning his truth, more than three-fourths of the race. Nor is it likely that he established a totally supernatural medium, by visions, or interior voices, for if his Divine spirit were to teach the individual man, we cannot see how the action of our free will could be reconciled with grace; how faith, in such supposition, could have any merit. The temporary Jewish dispensation cannot be cited as parallel. Nor again is it probable that he constituted a body of men as the depositary of his truth, without making them its infallible witnesses. We do not see any other conjectures or suppositions worthy of any consideration. The active mind of heresy has exhausted itself in the invention and elaboration of these.

It is extremely probable that if Christ, as presumed, established an organ, He made it human, divinely assisted; or, in other words, he founded a society of men, to whom he intrusted the guardianship of his religion. The end proposed being the instruction of men in his truth, the means which he took, fittingly and naturally, share the character of the end, and hence our inference that he constituted men, the teachers of men; that he organized a human society to reach directly human wants. The organ, therefore, which he made was a human one, a society, a school, a Church,—call it what you will—invested with the mission of teaching his doctrines, upholding his law, and dispensing to men the blessings of his redemption.

Assuming this, we proceed to guess at the characteristics or notes that such a society of teachers would, in the nature of things, possess, basing all our inductions and conclusions on our well-grounded expectations of what that society should be to which the Son of God confided the promulgation of his Gospel, and the interpretation of his doctrines. We should expect it, first, to be unanimous in its teaching, one in its faith —single in its government; for where there is division or contradiction there is surely error—the very thing Christ wished to avoid in founding his organ. We cannot conceive how the society could accomplish its end, if perpetual discord and contradiction should reign in its councils; how it could lead men aright, if it had no unity of purpose, no oneness of doctrine, no tribunal which could settle definitively questions at issue, or exercise a conservative influence in linking in Christian fellowship all the followers of Christ. As this supposition is wholly inadmissible, we must presume that a leading characteristic of Christ's organ should be unity, not only of doctrine but of government; because the law depends on the tribunal for its efficacy—the stability of government is based on the authority of the governor. If the courts are divided, the law is not enforced; if the government is subject to constant fluctuation and change, the subjects become ungovernable. So, to preserve the unity of his doctrine, Christ must have set up a single tribunal, a supreme judge, a united rule.

Another note which we would naturally look for in Christ's society is holiness. He is sanctity itself—his law is undefiled—his truth immaculate. We should expect that his society should mirror, faintly at least, his infinite holiness. True, we could not exact sanctity from all his followers, nor even from the teachers themselves; for we must not forget that the human, and therefore the peccable element, would enter into the composition. But we have a right to expect that this society should teach the purest morality; check vice, rebuke sin, and open out ways and means through which men could reach the sublimest heights of sanctity. We would look, also, for shining examples of virtue—for men who, under the tutelage of this society, would seem angelic rather than human; for every diversity of holiness, in every state of life. We should expect to see its members

practically showing forth the power of the graces and the formative influences of the lessons that Christ bade his society dispense.

Another characteristic with which our mind invests such a society is its universality or catholicity. Sent to teach all men, appointed as the everlasting and sole organ of the Christian law which is designed to reach every child of earth, this society, we reasonably think, should be found in every age, and in all parts of the world. Again, it must preserve its specific identity as Christ's own organ, in all time and lands. There must not be even a century in which we cannot find it, in which it is lost to view, or is merged into other societies. We expect to see it essentially the same society in the nineteenth as in the first century. We do not ask to see it always integrally identical. It matters not if it is persecuted in the first century, honored and flattered in the fourth, at the height of earthly prosperity in the eighth, vilified and calumniated in the sixteenth, exiled from society in the eighteenth, or recovering its ancient supremacy over the mind and heart of the world in the nineteenth. These changes and vicissitudes are only accidental in the philosophic sense of the term. They do not affect the substance; they do not destroy the individuality which should mark Christ's organ. What we want to see is, that the children of the society in the first ages believed substantially nothing more nor less than her children in the nineteenth; that this society throughout the ages and nations is thus Catholic because of its oneness; that when it numbers its followers, each follower is a unit in his faith, in his obedience to his teacher, and hence that it can logically vindicate the title to be universal—strictly and really Catholic—its members millions in number, in heart and mind one.

Then, too, its mission being to teach, we should seek in it a legitimate and orderly succession of pastors, tracing their powers through their predecessors, until they reach the Master himself. For the reasons already given there should be no break in this line of teachers—no failure in this succession; but as would become a divine institution, the central authority, the supreme head, from whom all authority would emanate, should be able to trace his descent from the original Chief Pastor, whilst the historical records of the institution should place beyond question the validity and legitimacy of the powers, mission, and authority of the entire body of teachers.

If we find on earth such a society—if we find an institution possessing these marks, and fulfilling the conditions of the organ which Christ evidently established, it and it alone must be the abiding-place of his law, the repository of his truth. Nay, if we were inclined to think that Christ founded no medium of his religion, established no particular religious institution, the simple sight of such a society as described, would overturn the supposition, and prove by its very existence and its workings, that Christ *did* form an organ, and that organ was itself. Show us an institution, human in its members, yet divine in its life — an institution which

has blessed the ages—which, with little or no early assistance, has survived the countless revolutions of the past, and is to-day the leading power in the world; an institution composed of every race under the sun—of men different in nationality, law, government, customs, habits of thought, social, educational, mental, and physical traits, yet harmonizing these diversities, and effecting a marvellous oneness out of these differences—an institution that never ceased to uphold law, when anarchy was rife; virtue, when vice was triumphant; religion, when paganism and infidelity were masters, yet claiming to be only the witness of Christ, and the expounder of his law, and professing to draw its wondrous vitality only from Him;—show us such an institution, and did we never hear of Christ before, by this alone should we know that he is God; by this alone should we know where to seek and to find him.

Thus has our solution of the question led us into the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. The Church that is one in faith and government, holy in doctrines, morality, and the sanctity of unnumbered children; Catholic in all ages and nations, and apostolic in mission, orders and authority, is, clearly, the organ and medium which, as we presumed, and proved our presumption, our Saviour founded. Such a Church is in the world, the object of our senses, with these several notes engraven upon her, and pointing her out as the infallible witness and teacher of Christianity, such as Christ taught it.

But, as we have said, should any Protestant dissent from the conclusions which we have reached, independently of the Scriptures, on the ground that we have proved the Church by the Church, let him turn to his Bible and read its confirmation of our words. He will find there unfolded all the notes of the Church—her visible teaching authority centred in one of the Apostles, Peter, and after and under him, in the rest of the Apostles; the guarantee of the abiding protection and leadership of the Holy Spirit; the establishment by Christ of a Church as his organ and mouthpiece, nay, as his very body, of which He is the soul. In fine, the inquirer will find, from personal observation and reflection, the forced and in some instances strange to say, the willing consent of sects and heresies, and from the Christian thought and feeling, tradition and belief of all ages, that the Church in communion with the See of Rome, the city in which St. Peter set up the Apostolic princedom, is the only Christian society that claims and proves itself to be one, holy, Catholic and literally Apostolic. If our anxious brethren do not find pure Christianity in her, their search will never end.

MILICENT:

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Chapter I.

"You cannot mean what you say, Milicent! Many a woman has sacrificed her happiness to her pride; take care, for your own sake, how you add to the number!"

Had there been any vacillation in Milicent Tyrrell's mind, this adjuration would have fixed it. She perceived in it the implied reproach upon the vehemence of her character, which had wounded her so often—which had brought her, in fact, to the alternative against which her lover warned her. It strengthened her, however; it gave fire to the eyes that might have softened, and firmness to the voice that would have trembled. She answered calmly enough:

"I do mean what I say," she said; "and I shall not sacrifice my happiness. We should not be happy together: you are hard and cold, and I am passionate and headstrong, as you tell me. Your faults lie deep; they never show on the surface—they mislead you as to yourself—they make you harsh and unforgiving to me. I could not live with a man that was always watching me to detect and reprove; I should learn to hate my husband in the character of censor and judge. Life would be one fierce quarrel, ever growing fiercer. No, Luke, it is because I would have neither of us miserable that I am resolved to end our engagement."

She stood erect and resolute: it was impossible to doubt her earnestness. Luke made a few turns in the room; hard and cold as she called him, it was difficult for him to speak as firmly as she had done.

"But you are bound to me," he said at length, "by ties that the caprice of a moment cannot break: my ten years' love, your father's wishes; more than all—you constrain me to say it Milicent—your own confessions and promises must withhold you. Have you not loved me?" he asked passionately; "or has the past been a part and a lie?"

"If," she replied scornfully, "your words were anything to me now, I should resent such language. Have I loved you?—well enough to submit to be pupil, culprit, slave almost! I have learned to dread your presence in the height of any innocent enjoyment, knowing you would see some fault to blame. Hard constructions have been put on all I did and was. You have schooled me in every relation of life, in every petty detail of conduct, as if you had been, in fact, my husband. No husband, in fact, shall so school me: the wife's position is an equal one, and you would degrade it. No!" she cried eagerly; "I have borne much—I will *not* marry to such bondage! Often have I said: 'If Luke acts thus again, it shall be the last time.' The last time *is* now come;

nothing will move me! As for your love, you delude yourself; you love rule and self too well"—

"Stop!" cried Luke, interrupting her, "for I can bear no more: I should be bent indeed upon my own misery if I urged you further. Strange, that we have thus deceived ourselves—that instead of loving me, such an intense bitterness is burning in your heart! What blind dreamers we are!"

"I, too, have dreamed," said Milicent; "you are not alone in your disappointment; but it is all over. Mr. Forrester, good-bye."

Her attitude, as she held out her hand, was as firm and stately as ever, but her averted eyes gleamed with suppressed emotion, and her flushed cheeks were wet with tears. He had meant to take his farewell without another word, but a glance into the proud troubled face of the girl moved him with an irresistible yearning.

"Milicent!" he exclaimed with vehement tenderness; but a movement arrested the words. He saw it would be in vain; that she was prepared to reject his prayers as she had done his expostulations. Why should he subject dignity and love to be trampled under foot? "Milicent," he repeated more calmly, "farewell! I shall be able to wish you happiness apart from myself."

He held her hand for a moment in a passionate grasp. How still and proud she stood! He noticed, in spite of him, every point of her beauty, the very richness of her dress, and the accessories which surrounded her. He knew not the secret agony against which her indomitable spirit upheld her.

"Can she ever have loved me?" was the bitter doubt with which he hurried from her presence. The groom brought round his horse with the same alacrity and respectful cordiality as he had shown every day almost for years—his had been a long courtship, a Jacob's service—and Forrester spoke to him in the same quiet friendly tone; but he pushed on at full gallop, becoming mad speed, as his thoughts quickened, and the man was out of sight.

The glorious afternoon sunshine flooded the park, and cast the broad tree-shadows unbroken on the grass—the flower-garden was brilliant with a thousand dyes—the ripe harvest-fields and distant river burned in the unmitigated light; the far-off hills, crowned with woods and dark in shadow, shut the noble landscape in—shut in the lands of which Milicent was heiress. She loved riches and luxury—oh, she had enough to satisfy her and console her, if she needed consolation. He might never find one to fill the place she had held in his tenacious heart; but she, whose beauty and position opened the highest circles, who loved society, and was worshipped by it—what credulous vanity to suppose some suitor as worthy and more successful than himself would not secure what he had lost! But was it loss? Was not his present misery the shorter, if sharper, pang to a union with a woman so impatient of the lightest control, so cruelly unjust to the deepest and tenderest affection? Reversing the cause, was she not right in her own conclusion? It would not do even in the first moment of wrath. He thought of her scorn for all that

was mean and little—her lofty truthfulness—the tender passion of a nature that was capable of all sacrifice for the being loved—the earnestness and fire of her mind, which ever seemed at the high point of vitality, but occasionally attained by others. Misconception, uncongeniality, and wretchedness there might be, but Milicent was still to him the chief good on earth.

He heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and turned abruptly into an opposite path. He had no wish for companions, least of all for such as Mr. Tyrrell and his little daughter Lily. When secure from observation, he looked back to watch them, and send after them his last farewells.

Mr. Tyrrell's fine face looked brighter and more animated even than its wont, as he bent down towards his fairy companion, the fragile child and darling of the house. The little girl's fair curls danced in the wind as she urged her pony to its utmost speed; and her soft laugh rang through the clear air as she gained the race they were running, without a suspicion that her triumph had been an easy one. Forrester knew how Milicent loved her father; how Lily was cherished with more than a sister's heart. It might be an unworthy emotion, but he thought bitterly that every good gift had been lavished upon her; that her life was so rich, she would scarcely miss one link from the glittering chain; and for the moment, selfish in his great sorrow, he would have had her solitary and miserable as himself.

Before another hour had struck, deep darkness had fallen upon this brilliant lot. The stumble of a horse's hoof revolutionized life for Milicent Tyrrell. Her father drew his last breath in her arms ten minutes after she had been summoned to his side—summoned from one strife and agony of soul to another scarcely keener; and he died intestate.

We must pass over the scenes immediately following: every adverse power seemed at work to exalt the sudden overwhelming misery to desperation. The death of her father to the daughter's heart, in which he had been supreme, would have smothered lesser woes, had not the first news of the accident brought down his elder brother, the heir-at-law, and subjected the proud defiant girl to the bitter humiliation of his mastership. There was no gainsaying his right: the large estates of Roseneath had been left by an eccentric relative to the younger brother, on condition he took his name. They were left entailed upon the male line, but with the momentous saving-clause, permitting the legatee to cut off the entail and will it at his pleasure, if he had no son, and a daughter twenty-one years of age. When Mr. Tyrrell died, Milicent wanted a few months of her majority; and her father, having waited for this event to dispose of his property, had not even secured to his children what fortune was under his independent control.

Mr. Rivington held no friendly feelings towards his nieces; he had looked upon himself as defrauded during his brother's lifetime, and was disposed to regard his sudden death as a manifest token of the

will of Heaven to give him back his rights. He meant to take the orphans to his home, and treat them, he said, as his daughters; and had no more sense of his turpitude in seizing thus their expected inheritance, than has been shown since the beginning of time by the lawless possessors of the coveted vineyards.

The agony of her father's death after the first irresistible paroxysms of grief, she consumed in silence; as well as the even sharper pang that her sudden fall from wealth and authority to poverty and dependence would inevitably produce in such a nature. Sharper, not because her love had been weaker than her pride, but it was comparatively easy to bow to the inevitable blow of Heaven, it was martyrdom to submit to what seemed the caprice of circumstance, the power of injustice and legal fraud. During this interval, she had a still greater trial to undergo in the ceaseless efforts of Luke Forrester to obtain an interview with her. The lover she had rejected with such decisive scorn in the recent days of her prosperity, could never receive anything from her now; as for offers of friendship and service, they would be intolerable to a heart passionate and vehement as her own. Since the day they had parted, even in the height of her misery, or rather stimulated thereby, Milicent's love seemed on the increase; adding the master-grief of bitter self-reproach and vain regrets for a future lost forever. The effect of all this mental strife was such, that, as they reached their journey's end, a fortnight after Mr. Tyrrell's death, Mr. Rivington, on looking at Milicent, consoled himself with the reflection that his two daughters had nothing to fear from her rival beauty.

Mrs. Rivington and her daughters were in a state of great excitement on the evening of the expected arrival of Milicent and Lily Tyrrell. The latter, being a child, had little to do with the tremor of curiosity and anxiety that agitated them: it was all due to Milicent, the reputed beauty, the impoverished heiress, the rejected bride. Augusta Rivington, as she coquetted with her crape trimmings and long curls, pleasantly conscious how well her mourning attire became her, was explaining to Maurice Halford, her reserved, dilatory, but assured admirer, how the case stood.

"Poor uncle could have settled everything on Milicent, and she was always brought up to expect it. Poor girl, it must be a dreadful blow to her. I should feel it myself keenly, little as I care for fortune. But then, you know, the property ought to have been ours before, so that we are getting only our rights after all."

Mr. Halford knew all about it, as it was the one subject of talk in their mutual circles, and bowed gravely, in unmistakable acquiescence, as the young lady paused.

"It is shocking to think of!" subjoined Mrs. Rivington, stirring into a blaze the before hot fire. "For just one-and-twenty years my husband has been defrauded by his brother, without the smallest acknowledgment or attempt at compensation; but there is a providence that watches over these

things. In spite of their father's robbery, his children shall always find a home with us."

"And sisters in your fair daughters?" asked Mr. Halford, with precisely the same inclination as before. "Pardon me, Mrs. Rivington, but few women would be capable of such magnanimity."

Augusta looked up a little uneasily; but, assured by her scrutiny, said with a little laugh, in reply to his first remark:

"I hope so; but they say our poor cousin's temper is so difficult, and she has been so flattered and spoiled, that it will not be easy to be very fond of her. She has governed like an autocrat at Roseneath. It is really a terrible reverse."

"It is quite certain she could not be very amiable," remarked the elder Miss Rivington, in a slight undertone, "or Luke Forrester would never have jilted her."

"Hush! my dear," interposed her mother, quickly; "it is not fair for one lady to tell such tales of another. Nothing blights a young woman's prospects in society like the reputation of having been jilted. The secret is safe with you, I am sure, Mr. Halford?"

"Of course, the lady was jilted in the days of her prosperity."

"I really can't take upon myself to say, but I fear not; Mr. Forrester is not even in that case less disinterested than—excuse me—the sex in general. Portionless maidens are little in demand except in novels."

"A libel!" whispered Augusta, softly. "Why don't you take up the gauntlet for mankind?" But Mr. Halford was in a muse, and did not hear her; indeed, he heard nothing till a sudden movement announced the guests were come; then he roused and looked about him. The room had a very pleasant aspect, with the glow of fire and lamp reflected in every opposing point of glass and gilding, and heightening the warm tints of the pictures on the wall, and the rich flower-painted carpet under foot. It was thick set with all kinds of fantastic couches, if the travellers were weary; and on the table was a dainty repast, ready spread, to tempt and gratify appetite, if hungry; and then what intense anxiety in the faces of aunt and cousins—could the welcome be mistaken?

Mrs. Rivington and Augusta hurried down stairs to meet the strangers; they were so long in returning, that Eleanor said she would go and see if anything was the matter; and almost involuntarily, moved by an unusual curiosity, Mr. Halford followed her.

Milicent stood in the hall, giving, in clear, calm tones, some instructions respecting her luggage; the greetings had no doubt been exchanged, for Mr. Rivington was bustling up-stairs, and his wife and daughter stood a little apart, watching their kinswoman. Her arm pressed closely to her side, her little trembling sister; otherwise she would have stood erect, and her face was turned towards the light. Mr. Halford was a sensible man, but he had a great weakness for beauty; he was an absent one, too, and stood and gazed at Milicent, ignorant that his mistress's eyes were upon him. Very pale

and worn her face looked with recent watching and anguish, and its expression was fixed and cold, but the perfection of feature, the fineness of outline, was unimpaired. There was no extraneous help; her hair, of the beauty of which much had been said, seemed to have been carefully concealed; but the clearly marked line of the brows, the shade of the lashes, hinted at color and character. These points were patent to all her observers; but only one carried the scrutiny deeper, and detected, in spite of the careful self-possession, the latent expression of the deep-blue eyes—an occasional scintillation of passion and recklessness that touched him, together with the sudden dilation of the delicate nostril, the quiver of the lines round the flexible mouth.

Mr. Rivington stopped short at the head of the stairs. "Girls, take your cousins up-stairs, if they have finished their orders, and help them to make haste down to tea, for we shan't stand on the ceremony of waiting. What, Halford, my dear fellow! How do? Always glad to see you. No need to introduce you to Milicent Tyrrell—you know who she is."

"But I shall feel obliged if you will let Miss Tyrrell know who I am," said Mr. Halford, smiling, in order to mollify the roughness of the other's speech.

Mrs. Rivington introduced him. Milicent, who had not condescended to notice her uncle's insult, bowed in a stately, unconscious way, and still holding Lily's hand, followed Augusta to a bed-room.

There was no fire in the spacious, cheerless apartment; they had had a long journey, and the child was benumbed with cold. Milicent hesitated what to do, and fixed a keen asking gaze on Augusta's face; her cousin had offered her services in a careless way, and they had been declined; she now leaned listlessly over the mantelpiece, but the attitude alone was languid—she was watching every movement of Milicent's with intense interest.

"I cannot—no, I cannot stoop to complain and ask a favor from her," thought Milicent. "Lily, I could better die than beg for you."

She took off the heavy cloak and bonnet, smoothed the fair head, and then kneeling down before the little one, began to chafe her frozen feet between her hands.

On looking up into her face, she perceived Lily was crying—not in a childish, fretful way; her tears fell quietly, but large and fast. It was the one thing Milicent was not proof against: pride failed her, crushed under the rush of the restrained agonies and emotions of the day. She clasped the child in her arms with a cry of passion that startled Augusta to her very soul; and then throwing herself upon her knees, still folding Lily in her strait embrace, burst into such an agony of weeping, that at length her cousin was moved.

"Milicent, don't cry like that. You will be very happy with us; we will all be very kind to you."

Milicent's bonnet had fallen off, and her dark hair in massive curls swept over cheek and throat; the face was raised as in appeal against her fate—how beautiful she was in spite of tears and pallor! Augusta had been bending over her, her hand resting on her shoulder; but

she suddenly drew back from the caressing posture. "Had she been less beautiful, I would have loved her." A presentiment of trouble seemed to haunt her.

"Calm yourself," she said, coldly; "and try and come down to tea. Once more, can I help you, or shall I send our maid?"

Milicent was striving to master herself. She was not a stranger to such conflict, and she succeeded now. "The last time," she said, rising, and drying her tears, "that you will see me so weak. We want nothing, thank you; we will join you almost immediately."

When they entered the room, some ten minutes later, there was little trace of Milicent's late emotion. Mr. Rivington looked up from his meal. "Come, girls," he said, graciously, "come to the table; I am sure you must be half-starved. And now, one word, Milicent, now I have got you home. I don't wish to be unkind to you, and I would rather we all agreed with one another. Your cousins are willing to treat you as a sister, provided you are disposed to keep your temper in check—otherwise, that temper will be your ruin. I have put up in the old house with more than I ever bore from any woman; but in my own, remember I am master. For the rest, to end the subject forever, if you marry, I shall give you a younger daughter's portion."

Milicent's lip had curled, and her eyes kindled, during this speech. At its close, on perceiving her uncle's look of self-complacency, she said, quietly:

"I am sorry I cannot be grateful; but it is impossible to give me my own, or to unite the characters of defrauder and benefactor."

Mr. Rivington turned pale with hate and anger. A confused murmur of indignation rose from his wife and daughters. The former could not find adequate words for his feelings. A woman's wrath is more facile.

"I suppose, Miss Tyrrell," said Mrs. Rivington, with a sneer, "you and your sister have a choice of asylums, as you risk ours so soon."

Milicent was rising up. At that moment, she was reckless of her fate: wild thoughts of seeking some refuge from her present degradation, however abject, and laboring at some employment, however menial, that would preserve bare life to both, possessed her mind. She threw a mental glance into the field of strife—the huge city that was roaring outside the windows. It was appalling; still, she was equal to it! A restraining hand pressed her arm; she shook it off impatiently; then her eyes fell on Lily.

Mr. Halford's mind was prompt. He interposed quickly:

"The poor little one yonder gets nothing to eat, and she is too cold and tired to enjoy it if she did. Mine is a warm seat, Miss Lily, and I have a stalwart knee, if you are not too big to sit upon it."

It produced its effect; for herself, no hardship but would be preferable to her present position; but it might kill her sister. Milicent sat down in silence. "God give me strength to bear!" she cried, mentally, "for no slave is bound more surely."

Chapter II.

We do not care to go into the details of the warfare that inevitably raged between Milicent and her relations. The oppressed and oppressor cannot strike hands unless the former is worthy of his fate; and no consideration could prevent the proud vehement girl from betraying her feelings at times. For her sister's sake, she controlled such rash speeches as the one which had exasperated her uncle's aversion on the night of her arrival; but her profound scorn for his character and conduct could be read in tones and gestures which she did not try to propitiate. Mr. Rivington's hatred for the girl he had injured grew morbid under these provocations; the glance of her eyes, if they happened to fall upon his face—and all the more, it seemed, because of their beauty—excited in him an uneasy emotion of aversion. The tones of her clear rich voice grated on his ear; he followed every lithe and graceful motion with a fascinated repugnance. Almost to the same extent, but from a different cause, Augusta shared her father's feelings. The beauty of her cousin, the charm of her ardent conversation, lightened by the fire of a crude but brilliant genius, when circumstances overcame her haughty reserve—every gift and grace she possessed was a heavy cross under which she groaned daily. To be eclipsed was a new thing to Augusta, whose sister had never contended against her acknowledged inferiority of attraction; but to be eclipsed by Milicent, who rarely deigned to exert herself from her habitual indifference, and showed such contempt for her own arts of pleasing, was very hard to brook.

"How many admirers were you bent on securing this evening?" the young lady demanded bitterly on one occasion, when Milicent, being excited to talk, had engaged all ears by her grace and enthusiasm.

"None. To try to be admired is one of the humiliations to which nothing can bring me; but I don't deny that I enjoyed myself to-night. I found it pleasant to prove that I had not lost everything with my fortune."

Mrs. Rivington sneered: "Omnipotent in charms! I like your modesty. It was a pity they have not always been so powerful!"

It was impossible not to detect some insult in the implication. To have let it pass, would have been wisdom and dignity; but it would have been impossible to Milicent. With the keen intuition of her sex, she felt the blow was aimed where it would be sacrilege to let it fall.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, scarcely conscious of the imperiousness of the tone, her whole form dilating, and cheek and eye kindling together.

"Look at the girl!" cried Mrs. Rivington, excited in her turn. "Are we her slaves, that she dares to take such a tone? You seem to defy me, madam, to tell my meaning. I allude to what all the world knows, that you were jilted by Luke Forrester!"

"Because I was no longer an heiress!" The words were spoken very softly. Milicent had covered her flushed face with her hands;

the tears were falling unchecked through her fingers.

"Let them think it!" she said to herself. "To defend his character to these would be to humiliate him." She was dwelling on the recollection of his worth: it lowered her pride to the dust; it exalted it anew to think he had loved her. Memories of low words, scarcely heard, but never forgotten; kisses dearer with each reiteration; golden plans frustrated; life's happiness sacrificed to the resentment of an hour—possessed and moved her beyond her control. Even his friendship rejected! "Offer it to me again, Luke, and I will take it humbly. Come, and teach me what now I ought to do, and I will be led; come to me, and I will confess my faults; come—or, rather, never come back, lest I sob out my love at your feet."

"If I had lost a lover, I would never cry for him," said Augusta's voice, breaking up the love-dream.

Milicent raised her tearful face with a proud smile. "Different principles move us, you know. I seldom shed tears; but there are some taunts a woman cannot bear."

Augusta's was not a thoroughly bad nature; and if she hated her cousin, and tormented her as only one young woman can torment another, over and above all was the excuse of jealousy.

Mr. Halford had never declared himself as a lover otherwise than by attentions sufficient to bind a man of a nice sense of honor; but Augusta had long accounted him as such. It would have been hard to say what had attracted him to her. He was a man of good fortune, much courted in society, and known as one of the most subtle and successful reviewers of the day. He held such a literary reputation very lightly; some men on less would have demanded laurels and a statue. Augusta was very pretty, very amiable, to him; she sang well; and he had a prejudice, he said, against clever women. Moreover, he wanted a wife: that he esteemed her worthy of the honor, his attentions had seemed to prove. He still paid his court to her, but it was in languid form. Even while talking to her—or worse, turning over the leaves of his favorite songs—his eyes were continually engrossed in watching Milicent. It was not absolutely a gracious scrutiny, but it seemed an absorbing one; and Augusta trembled, not only lest the unexceptionable match should escape her—she was an heiress in her turn, and might have looked higher—but lest the man she loved in her degree should disappoint the hopes he had justly excited.

Mr. Halford was not a man of punctilious honor: he said to himself, no word pledged him to Augusta; the girl was the veriest butterfly, incapable of love. She was rich now, and could look higher; and, in truth, so attractive a woman as Milicent Tyrrell had never before crossed his path.

He did not see nearly as much of her as he wished. Lily's health was very delicate; and if the weather was fine, Milicent would be out walking with her in the adjacent park; otherwise, engaged in teaching her—for she had undertaken what education was practicable—in another room. The season was advancing into summer;

and both sisters willingly availed themselves of the seclusion of their bedroom—the only privacy secure to them—and here the long evenings were perpetually spent. Milicent left nothing untried to soften to Lily the change in her lot; she tired her imagination in weaving stories for her amusement, sang in undertones the songs which had a sting in every note, and talked, to please the tender drooping child, of Roseneath and the agonizing past, till her checked passionate heart was ready to burst.

"But I am almost as happy now with you, Milly, as I was then," the younger would say, pressing against her sister's side, and raising her heavy eyes to the anxious eyes that watched her; "only I never want to go down-stairs."

What hours Milicent passed when Lilly was asleep, after every point of love, regret, and desire, had been touched to the quick in her childish talk!—how her love grew under the pressure of self-reproach and hopelessness, until the force of the cumulating fervor startled herself! What could she do at such times but recall every trait of noble heart and generous principle, which had been shown from the hour when the boy-lover had knelt at her almost childish feet, up to the day of their separation?—what could she do in her present misery but paint the future that might have been in impossible colors, and stretch out her vain hands after the unattainable?

"Does he love me still?" was the question perpetually silenced to return again.

Mr. Halford, who watched her whenever he had an opportunity, wondered a little at her ceaseless restlessness. The color forever fluctuating on her cheek, the light forever gleaming in the eyes, showed a heart never at rest. He had seen her in rare moments of abstraction, with her eyes fixed as if looking beyond present things, with an eager yearning expression, and then soften into tears. It was strange how this moved him: he longed to draw near and speak gently and soothingly to her; he longed to meet that asking look, and see the satisfied glance fall on himself. He had many a time been conscious of an entirely new emotion, when he had marked the tender passion with which she caressed the timid Lily, or heard it vibrating in the tones of her voice.

"I begin to fear I am in love," he thought; "and with a woman with a temper!"

Circumstances precipitated this conviction. One evening, on going to the house, he found Milicent alone in the drawing-room; she was lying on the sofa, her face buried in the cushions, and her whole frame trembling with excitement. He divined there had been strife amongst the women; he knew what would be the chief weapons employed by the one side, and he felt a powerful emotion of indignation.

"Miss Tyrrell, forgive my intrusion," he said; "I thought the room was empty."

Milicent sprang up precipitately, her cheeks burning with shame. "That you should see me thus!" she began warmly; but her listener was gazing at her with such compassion, that it melted her pride, and she burst again into tears. "I am overcome with what has just

passed," she resumed, struggling successfully against her tears, and turning a little away: "it shall be the last dispute we have. If I lived here much longer, God knows what I might become! I can bear no more; I ought to bear no more. You have shown a friendly feeling towards us, Mr. Halford; will you help us to get a living?" She smiled as she spoke, and tried to throw a tone of gayety into the words, but her earnestness mastered her. "I am resolved to leave this house," she pursued, interrupting Mr. Halford's disclaimer; "and equally resolved not to be dependent elsewhere. It is in your power to help me; it is not in your power to dissuade me. I am not out of my senses when I talk of getting a living. An old servant left me an inalienable annuity of twenty pounds; I have good knowledge of music, and can sing well. If I can get daily pupils, we can not only live, but live beyond fear of abject poverty, to which I would not submit my sister. I have a friend, poor, but of unquestioned respectability, who will let me have a room in her house. Some people, whom I knew in my father's lifetime, and who admired my singing, will, I daresay, have no objection to my teaching their children; I shall ask nothing else from them. You have a large circle of friends, will you speak for me? But I forget; you have never heard me sing."

She was moving towards the piano at once; she had spoken with such breathless eagerness, he had not been able to interrupt her; now he suddenly stretched forth his hand, and intercepted her intention.

"You would stoop to this!" he exclaimed; "you would teach where you are known! you would play for my approbation! Milicent!"— He broke off abruptly, and took a turn through the room. Milicent gazed at him in surprise.

"If I am proud," she said coldly, "it is not the pride that unfits me to submit to a necessity. Teaching music does not seem to me a degradation. I love music," she added kindling. "If I have only pupils enough to provide what my sister needs, I shall be happier than I have been since—since long."

"It is drudgery of the worst kind; it is slavery of mind and body; it would be death to you!" interjected Mr. Halford hurriedly. "Milicent, you asked my services; mine is the place of suppliant. I scarcely knew I loved you till this moment; I feel it now in every pulse of my being; accept my love; command me as my wife?"

He had begun in doubt, without meaning to go so far; but, as she stood erect, incredulous, beautiful beyond any other woman he knew, his passion had kindled. He spoke at last fervently; he wished he had the power and eloquence of a god to constrain or win her.

"Mr. Halford," said Milicent coldly, "you are carried away by an impulse of generosity, for which I might thank you, if I could see you in any other light than my cousin's suitor. Let us forget what we have said to one another: I shall be able to carry out my plan alone."

She turned away as stately and inaccessible as on a former occasion; but there was no undercurrent of feeling now to flush the pale cheek or shine in the averted eyes.

Mr. Halford, convinced of her sincerity, felt animated by only one desire—to conquer her indifference. She was more desirable to him than ever. With more *abandon* than he would have conceived possible an hour ago, he renewed his protestations and entreaties.

"For your own sake, sir," exclaimed Milicent indignantly, "do me the honor to believe what I say. I resent your pertinacity as an insult; have you forgotten your engagement? Hush! I hear voices; for pity's sake, do not subject me to this new contumely!"

It was too late; Augusta and her mother had entered the room. There could be no doubt of the position of the two: Mr. Halford was flushed and disconcerted; Milicent looked indignant and distressed. Augusta turned pale as the truth flashed upon her mind, and sat down to conceal her agitation; she had enough of dignity to wish to hide from the man that had betrayed her, how deeply she felt the wound. She did not think Milicent had tried to seduce his affection, but she rather hated her the more that her triumph had been so involuntary and uncared for.

Mrs. Rivington judged differently: she had not a doubt that the whole affair was the result of the arts of the girl they had fostered; she had complained of her position, had secretly disparaged her cousin; it was a tissue of ingratitude and deceit! Her face flushed; words of vituperation rushed to her lips; but Mr. Halford interposed.

"You have surprised me at an unhappy moment, madam," he said, with heightened color. "Your niece is not happy in your home; I was beseeching her to become the mistress of mine, but in vain."

"Sir!—Mr. Halford—such effrontery I never heard—Augusta!" interjected Mrs. Rivington; but Mr. Halford bowed and was gone, and a moment after Augusta ran out of the room.

Had the intention of leaving her uncle's house not been formed in Milicent's mind, that hour would have matured it. The late cause of dispute had been her refusal to accompany them to Roseneath, whither the family were about to proceed. Apart from the agonizing associations and regrets the place would excite, she could not bear to go to Luke Forrester's immediate neighborhood. She had begged to remain at home under any deprivations; had humbled herself to expostulation; but in vain. Now to the taunts and sneers her reluctance, and at length her refusal, had excited, was added Mrs. Rivington's abuse of her treachery towards Augusta: all that a coarse and vulgar mind could suggest in the first outburst of wrath, was poured forth without restraint. Milicent listened with silent scorn, till some epithet more opprobrious than the rest stung her sensibility to the quick.

"No more, madam; I can bear no more!" she cried in an agony. "If the alternative were death, I could not pass another night under your roof."

Milicent did not belie the confidence she had professed to Mr Halford in her capability of earning a livelihood as teacher of music, but brought nobly all her energies

of mind and body to the task. Without that gentleman's assistance, she obtained as many pupils as she wished; and as the majority paid her, contrary to custom, not according to her poverty, but her desert, she had no difficulty in discharging all her obligations, and providing for her sister the comforts and luxuries that were indispensable. Hers was not an easy task to fulfil; bred in the refinement of wealth and rank, she felt painfully the entire absence of those accessories of life which custom had made all but essential; and, above all other deprivations, was that of the pure keen air, the open downs, and wide horizons of her native county.

"O for a long, deep breath of that exhilarating air!—a moment's glance over the free, open landscape to the ocean!" was so perpetually the uppermost aspiration of her soul, that it threatened to become a complete *malheur de pays;* and then Milicent's fine sense and fortitude rose to keep the evil in check. Then the physical and mental fatigue of her calling were new things to Milicent, but not of that class which were likely to find her vanquished by them. Her health was good, and she had never been careful of fatigue; moreover, the long walks that were necessary from one house to another, were often the best relief to her restless and vehement mind. The hardest effort of all was to bear with gentleness and patience the dulness or carelessness of her pupils, which was torture to her quick intelligence and sensitive ear. Had there been some tender eye to mark and applaud her efforts over her natural temperament, and some high palpable award to crown her success, Milicent could not have striven more bravely and untiringly. Life had taught her many bitter lessons: in the days of her exhilarate prosperity, it had been no part of her business to seek after self-knowledge; the pride, impatience of censure, and lofty self-esteem, which had wounded the perceptions of her lover, had seemed to Milicent but the assertion of her inalienable rights. Since then, in solemn night-seasons, in lonely hours of unsuspected prayer, in the strife of the streets, she had turned an humbled and earnest search upon her own heart, and life had a new aim and a holier motive. She was not unhappy in her present life; no one interested themselves in the inner current of her existence; but it would have been of little worth, if dependent upon notice or recognition. Sometimes, indeed, after some circumstance had proved her power over former faults, Milicent's cheek would flush, and involuntary tears fill her eyes.

"Does *he* love me yet? Thank God, I am worthier of his love than when he gave it!" A new sorrow was about to fall on Milicent. Lily, long languishing, became seriously ill, and the physician who attended her gave small hopes of her life.

"I fear she would never have lived to womanhood," he said; "though country air, and such indulgences as the rich can only give, might have prolonged her life."

"If Lily dies," thought Milicent, "God help me then! Can I bear life without a single charm?"

To labor by day and watch by night, was the order of her life for several weeks, her energetic and

passionate heart seeming to endow her with superhuman strength.

"Do not pity me so much," she said with a smile to the compassionate physician; "I could neither rest nor sleep while hope is possible. Pity me when this suspense is over, when I may find out that I have done too much. I do not think Lily will die. He that knoweth the heart will not break it."

One evening, when Milicent returned from her lessons, she found Mr. Halford sitting in Lily's room, and amusing the sick child. A more unwelcome sight could not have presented itself: she had carefully concealed her abode from him, distrustful of his visits and addresses. She paused at the threshold of the door, uncertain what to do.

"Good heavens, Miss Tyrrell, can it be you?" cried Mr. Halford, rising and approaching her precipitately. "Milicent, is this the proof of your fitness for a hard life?" He spoke with so much emotion, that Milicent was touched.

"My life and I worked admirably together, Mr. Halford," she said smiling, and giving him her hand, "until my sister was ill. It is anxiety and watching that make me look ill, if that is what you accuse me with. When Lily is better," she added, approaching the bed, and leaning tenderly over it, "I shall be better too: we pine in sympathy."

"She will never be better here!" said Mr. Halford, with vehemence. "This close atmosphere and wretched locality would nip the stoutest life in the bud, much more a tender blossom like this. Give her back pure air, Milicent, and the enjoyments to which she has been accustomed and is pining after. I am come to urge you to save her life. I have learned everything from your physician; it rests with you to refuse, and reproach yourself for having thrown away the certain hope of her salvation. Milicent, for her sake—for mine—I love you better than life!"

Milicent forcibly withdrew the hand he had seized; she was pale as death, and trembling with excitement.

"This before the child!" she murmured; "O cruel!"

"She does not hear us—she is in a heavy sleep. On my soul's honor, Milicent, I tell you Dr. Conyers assured me she may yet be saved. Will you kill her? Is it impossible to love me?" He tried to clasp her in his arms, but her gesture of indignation withheld him.

"You would buy a slave, not win a wife," said Milicent huskily. "Mr. Halford, are you a man and a gentleman, and can use such arguments? My God, what shall I do?" She paced the room in an agony, heightened by her lover's impassioned expostulations.

"Never—never!" she cried at length; "anything rather than this perjury of body and soul! I can never love you! Let this suffice you, Mr. Halford; my will is fixed. Yes; any misery, even to desolation, before I lie against God and my love. Do you understand me; I will speak more plainly. You have often heard Mr. Forrester's name in my uncle's family. I have loved him from a child—no other man can be my husband."

Milicent stood erect; her fine pale face seemed inspired; then, turning from Mr. Halford, she fell

on her knees beside the bed. "Lily, my darling, you will not die; God will give you back to me."

Mr. Halford was silenced, but not finally. I have said he was not a man of sensitive honor; and Milicent's beauty and character, beyond all her opposition, stimulated his passion to the highest. The scene just related was repeated again and again, until any heart less firm, or courage less noble than Milicent's, would have yielded under the weary conflict. Mentally and physically she was exhausted; but one hope sustained her sinking strength: in spite of Dr. Conyers's fears, and the disadvantages of her position, Lily was slowly, but certainly improving. When well enough to be moved, they would change their quarters secretly, and escape this shameful and bootless persecution.

Winter had set in once more, and Milicent had arrived one morning, weary and ill, at the house of one of her pupils. The young lady was not ready for her lesson, and the teacher sat down by the piano to wait. She was looking listlessly round the room, when her eye fell upon a letter lying on a table near her. She uttered no exclamation, but the blood rushed to her pale cheeks, and her pulses beat with a passionate force long since subdued, she had thought. The letter was to the mistress of the house, and in Luke Forrester's handwriting. She still held the letter in her hand, her eyes devouring the cover, and burning with an almost uncontrollable desire to read the inclosure, when the lady to whom it was addressed entered the room. Milicent dropped the letter; she looked pale as death; her glittering eyes seemed to throw a strange light over her passive face—every faculty was concentrated into that of hearing.

"Madam," she said at length, with a great effort, "excuse what must seem so strange to you. I thought I heard the voice, and recognized the footsteps of an old friend of my father's. This is his writing. Is Mr. Forrester in the house?" The lady smiled, and looked behind her.

"I had been sent by my friend to beg an interview, to explain a little as he commanded; but he has no faith in his ambassador. My dear Miss Tyrrell, is this your father's friend?"

"Milicent!" There was an intense depth of passion and pity in the accent. Did he love her still? What withheld her from throwing herself into his yearning arms, now that that doubt was solved?

"Milicent, my love, am I forgiven?"

What need of more, when every reader glimpses the vulgar details? Love loses its tender bloom under the common hand. That Luke had sought Milicent from the time he learned she had left her uncle's family up to the present hour, resolved once more to urge the heart he could not believe was false to him, and had found her nobler, we know—perfected, he said—requires nothing more than statement; and if I yielded to my bent, and described at length the happiness of their after-lives, which seemed the fruition of youth's golden hopes, it might excite the sneer of the incredulous, and throw the doubt of fiction over all.

TWO CASTLES.

I KNOW a castle, great and high,
That flaunts its turrets to the sky,
And covers, fairly measured round,
Three hundred roods of fertile ground.

And were that castle (fate forfend)!
Burned to the earth, no stone on end,
Three years, and money, were it got,
Would build it up again, I wot!

But here a nobler castle stands,
Than e'er was reared by human hands,
A tall, wide-spreading beechen tree,
Whose bole is thirty feet and three.

And were this castle smitten low,
By fire, or flood, or woodman's blow,
Not all the strength of mortal men
Could ever build it up again.

Not all the gold by Commerce won,
Since Time its circuit first begun,
Could re-erect its giant girth,
Or raise such fabric from the earth.

Unless, for thrice a hundred years,
The influence of the circling spheres,
The rain, the dew, the shade, the shine,
Combined to aid the great design.

Crœsus! be modest with your gold,
Little it brings, when all is told:
Monarchs! be humble in your towers,
You're not so regal as the bowers!

ROME AND THE FATE OF HER ENEMIES.

A FEW HISTORICAL FACTS.

Count Ponza de San Martino, before he went to the banks of the Tiber, precursor of the Piedmontese brigands, on a mission which will lay a heavy burden on his soul in eternity, spoke as follows in the Italian Senate: "We have one wound always rankling in the heart of the nation; I mean the Roman question, to which I called the attention of the Senate at the end of 1860, and proposed a resolution on the subject. The day will come, and perhaps is not far off, when Italy will either absorb Rome, or be annihilated by Rome." Which of these two alternatives will be realized? The dilemma is fairly put: either absorption of Rome or annihilation for Italy. Which will be the actual event? Will Rome be absorbed, or will its enemies be brought to nought? We will not speak of the present, we will take a look at the past. What we there find is that they who want to absorb Rome are sure to be brought to nought.

There was Crescenticus at the end of the tenth century, wanted to absorb Rome. Gibbon says: "He was the Brutus of the Republic." He had his day, and a success that was very cheering to the Prophets of Belial, and the speculators in sin at the time. From the condition of a subject, and an exile, he twice rose to the command of the city, oppressed and expelled the Popes, and formed a plan of restoring the authority of the Greek emperors. He was brought to nought, being hung by the neck, not by order of the Pope, but of the Emperor, and his head was exposed on the battlements of Castle Saint Angelo. Arnold of Brescia wanted to absorb Rome by robbing the Pope; but the mouthful stuck in his throat. The various denominations of Protestantism rubbed their hands with great glee, being quite certain that it was all up with the Pope. But the fog castles vanished, the hopeful Arnold was brought to nought, being burned, and his ashes scattered in the Tiber. The line of sovereign Pontiffs continued in Rome in the person of Adrian IV.

The Emperor Otho I, wanted to absorb Rome, and drove from the Pontifical throne John XII, from whom a little while before he had received the imperial crown. He felt very well satisfied, was convinced that he had fixity of tenure, and as a proof of his confidence, built a palace in the city. But before the fabric was sufficiently dried and aired for safe residence, an unexpected architect came in the way, and Otho was brought to nought, his paternal edifice of clay being knocked down by a hammer of apoplexy.

Otho, of Saxony, in 1209, carried away by some sort of aspirations, invaded the territories of the Holy See, in order to absorb Rome. But the Pope would not stand it;

the intrepid freebooter was brought to nought by an excommunication. France and Germany raised their arms against him, the aggressor lost his own throne, and was obliged to sit down in the domestic quiet of an old arm chair. Frederic I, Barbarossa, coveted Rome and wished to absorb it. Pope Alexander III resisted him so effectually, that he had to sue for mercy. He was brought to nought, was drowned in Cilicia, and misfortune pursued his family.

The Emperor Henry IV thrice laid siege to Rome, established the antipope named Clement III, and reigned himself for a short time in the capitol, but was brought to nought and overthrown by Robert Guiscard, the Norman, who restored the Pope St. Gregory VII.

Henry V wished to absorb Rome, and persecuted Pope Paschal II. But he got the worst of it, fell into terrible troubles, and was brought to nought, not only himself, but his unnatural son, who died of pestilence. Frederic II, in order to absorb Rome, conspired against the successor of St. Peter; but was repaid in his own coin; he was brought to nought by poison given him by his own son. The boy's name might be Humbert. Philip of France, named the "Fair," became the "Foul," by the persecution of Pope Boniface VIII. He did not absorb Rome; he was brought to nought at the early age of forty-six by a fall from his horse.

Charles V, Emperor of Germany, though not playing exactly the game of absorption, sent an army of German Protestants to persecute the Pope Clement VII, and to devastate the city of Rome. The Pope was obliged to save himself within the fastnesses of Castle St. Angelo; murder, rapine, and atrocities exceeding all that Huns or Vandals had perpetrated, spread through the city. Charles was brought to nought, very soon remorse and gluttony made him nervous and gouty; he abdicated, and betook himself to play cloister, corpse, and clockmaker and Spanish monastery. His retreat was not all that fancy painted it; his son and successor, Philip II, of Spain, grudged to pay his board, the clocks would not go right, his stomach went wrong; by sticking himself in a coffin and having a funeral service performed over him, he did not feel enough about death; so he eat sausages and spiced pork in awful abundance; sluiced his corpulence with heavy wine, and realized death, gout making him a genuine corpse at the age of 52.

The first French Republic, in 1792, gave orders to General Kellerman to absorb Rome, and to free it "from the yoke of the priests." The Republic was brought to nought, scorpion-like, by its own stinging, and was completely wiped out by General Bonaparte.

The same Bonaparte did absorb Rome, made it "the department of the Tiber," then being quite satisfied about the wholesome nutrition of the morsel, he absorbed it a little more, and tried to digest it, and made it a portion of the food of his immortal dynasty under the name of kingdom of his son. The various denominations with a comical air of sincere conviction said: "Well, it is true that we have been rash in our former conclusions upon the final ruin of our immutable op-

ponent at Rome. Indeed we were rather 'Yankee,' we merely 'guessed.' But now there can be no mistake about the matter, the Vicar of Christ is crucified surely, dead surely, and buried." And indeed, everybody thought, and everybody said, that there was no mistake about the matter, except the Pope himself, who excommunicated the Corsican freebooter, and thus brought him to nought. "What does the Pope mean," said Bonaparte to Eugene Beauharnais, in July, 1807, by the threat of excommunicating me? Does he think the world has gone back a thousand years? *Does he suppose the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?* Within two years after these remarkable words were written, the Pope did excommunicate him in return for the confiscation of the whole dominion of the Holy See, and in less than four years more, the arms *did fall from the hands of his soldiers.* The remarkable fact is related by Bonaparte's Aide-de-Camp, Count Segur, in his history of the Campaign of 1812. "The weapons of the soldiers appeared of an insupportable weight to their stiffened arms. During their frequent falls, *they dropped from their hands;* and destitute of the power of raising them from the ground, they were left in the snow. They did not throw them away, *famine and cold tore them from their grasp.* The fingers of many were frozen on the muskets which they yet carried, and their hands were deprived of the circulation necessary to sustain the weight." Monsieur Salgues, in his "Memoirs of the General History of France," says: "The soldiers could no longer hold their weapons; *they fell from the hands*, even of the bravest and most robust. The *muskets dropped* from the frozen arms of those who bore them." On the same subject, Sir Archibald Allison, a Scotch Protestant, in his History of Europe from 1792 to 1815, writes: "The hosts apparently invincible, which Napoleon had collected, were dispersed and ruined by the blasts of winter; he extorted concessions from the Supreme Pontiff, by threats and insults at Fontainebleau, in 1813, and in less than a year after he himself was compelled at Fontainebleau to sign the abdication of his dominions, and was shortly after doomed to a painful exile of six years on the rock of St. Helena. There is something in these marvellous coincidences beyond the operations of chance, and which even a Protestant historian feels himself bound to mark for the observation of future ages." The world had not gone back a thousand years, but Mr. Bonaparte went onward a thousand miles from any land, and the attempt to absorb disagreeing with his powers of digestion, he died of a sick stomach at an early age for so great a man, in 1821. The Pope went back, and absorbed the very wholesome food of Rome till 1823.

Joachim Murat, vagabond pretender to the kingdom of Naples, tried to retrieve his brigandage royalty; and in 1815 invaded the Patrimony of St. Peter, for the purpose of absorbing Rome. He was brought to nought three months afterwards; seeking for his kingdom, he was arrested, tried by drumhead court martial, and shot by a corporal's guard at Pizzo in Calabria.

The boy named Napoleon II, received from his father the title of "King of Rome," and although he did nothing himself to promote the absorption, yet was affected by the epidemic, engendered by the dyspeptic food, and came to an untimely end in that very palace in Vienna, where the decree had been signed for the deposition of Pope Pius VII.

Charles Louis Napoleon entered the Society of the Carbonari, rebelled against the Pope, and wished to absorb Rome; but very quickly he was brought to nought by an untimely death at Forli.

Louis, the illegitimate son of Hortense Beauharnais, the discarded wife of Louis Bonaparte, manœuvred to pass himself on the fickle unreflecting French people as Napoleon Bonaparte. He was elected emperor by those who have their understandings weakened by Voltairianism. He conspired for the absorption of Rome. He was brought to nought. Having proved to the world that he was as much a fool as a rogue, he fled in a Sedan chair to seek safety and mercy at the feet of the King of Prussia.

Another of the infamous Bonaparte progeny, the notorious Plon-Plon, had a great deal of prattling about Roman absorption. He is around with a carpet-bag, and is treated everywhere as an unprincipled intruder.

Cavour, Farini, Fanti, and their compeers, wanted to absorb Rome. Where are they now? Brought to nought. Where is that Joachim Napoleon Pepoli who exerted himself so ardently for the absorption of the eternal city? Brought to nought; as are also the Persanos, the Azeglios, the Bellazzis, the Borellas, the Saffis, the Armellinis, and many other men of mark, who but lately were distinguished agents of Satan for the conveyancing of the property of the Holy See.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, who was the most hopeful Christian of the anti-papal brigands, was brought to nought by a musket-ball at Gaeta. He was taken in a dying condition from the kind care of the Augustinian convent, that being the last heard of him. The association of assassins supplied his place with one of their most atrocious miscreants, who maintains the prestige of the name Garibaldi. This wretch is rather an inconvenience for Mr. Victor Emmanuel and other compeers, consequently he is left out in the cold.

Mazzini, the father, prophet, and guide of the whole brigade of modern absorbers, has been brought to nought on the eve of striking the blow prepared during many years. He is gone to where "the woodbine does not twine," for want of water.

This series of facts, ancient and modern, but all indisputable and indubitable, is submitted as a topic for the meditations of Ponza di San Martino, and other such sages, who may find out which side of the dilemma is likely to become a new fact of history.

WHAT IS MEANT BY "I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH."

When we profess to believe in "The Holy Catholic Church," we say that we believe:

1. That there is, and has always been, since the day of Pentecost, and will be until the Second Advent, one Communion upon earth, always visible, which is the Catholic Church. That this Communion is supernaturally inhabited by the Eternal Son Himself, and is in so real and high a sense one with Him that (as St. Augustine repeatedly points out) what is said of Him is said of Her, and what is said of Her is said of Him. Thus because the Catholic Church, being one body, has many members, each of which has a separate office, and is made up of those members, therefore St. Paul says that "Christ" is one Body and has many members. As the whole Church is like a living tree, every single member of that Church being one of the branches, while the Divine Lord is the principle of life to the whole, therefore He Himself says: "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Hence it follows that to say the Catholic Church is divided, is the same thing as to say Christ is divided, and therefore St. Paul uses it as a *reductio ad absurdum* against those who were making parties among Christians that they were members of that one Church. He says: "Is Christ divided?" And again, to say that the Catholic Church teaches error, or has corrupted the true faith, is to say that the Eternal Truth teaches error. To say that the Catholic Church can cease to exist is to deny that "He ever liveth." In His last words, before His Passion, Our Lord says that His indwelling in the Catholic Church is to be compared to the indwelling of the Eternal Father in Himself—"As Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee;" and He had just before said of that indwelling: "He that sees Me hath seen the Father." We seem then to be justified by His own words in saying, that he who sees the Catholic Church sees the Eternal Son; that he who obeys the Catholic Church obeys the Eternal Son; that he who resists her, resists not man but God; that he who is separated from her is separated from Him. From hence it follows, that although branches may fall off the tree, although members may be divided from the body, yet the body itself can never be divided; for in those cases which look as if the body was divided, what really happens is only that a great number of its members were separated from it. But the body itself retains all the life and all the power which it ever had, because the Eternal Son is still its life. The several branches only die. And hence on every occasion on which the Church is commonly said to have been divided, what really happened was, that one of the parts remained the whole Church, and retained all powers, prerogatives, and blessings, which

the whole Church before enjoyed, while the other portion, separated from it, ceased to be any part of the Church at all. And thus it is merely a mistake to speak of branches of the Church not now parts of some visible body, nor in communion with each other. For of these communities one is not a branch, but the whole Church on earth; the others are not branches of it, but merely human societies, without any supernatural powers, without any greater than man can give.

Such then is the Catholic Church in herself. She is, in a single word, the Eternal Son upon earth, and therefore infallible, imperishable, indivisible. Next we ask:

2. What is she to individual men, to nations, and to the world? She is the one appointed fountain and channel of all those blessings which He has purchased with His own blood, and has given to men. She is the fountain as well as the channel, because He and she together are one mystical Being; He Himself is the life of that Being, and the original source of all blessings; but we can no more separate Him in this matter from His mystical body than we can divide the soul of a man from the man himself. It is the soul, not the body, which is the principle of all life and intellect to the man; yet we speak of these things as belonging, not to the man's soul merely, but to himself—to the person. Hence every blessing of the new covenant comes, to every man who enjoys it, from and through the Catholic Church, and no man, however great may be the office to which he has been raised in her, can do anything for any human soul except so far as he acts by her authority. Thus bishops and priests have certain powers given to them through her, to be held as long as they live, and therefore so given that they can never be lost. But they are wholly unable to benefit any man by the exercise of those powers, except so far as they are authorized by her to use them; just as a man once baptized is always baptized, and can never under any circumstances be baptized again; and yet he has no benefit from his baptism, any longer than he remains a member of the one Catholic Church to which it admitted him. To question this would be to imagine that our Divine Lord had given such power to men, that they are able to effect something for the souls of men without (or apart from) Himself. For the Catholic Church is "Himself below." Nothing therefore is effected for the souls of men by any bishop or priest administering any sacrament, except so far as he is acting in the name and by the authority of the Church, that is, of Him who is one with her. Hence it is that a priest can give absolution only when he has authority from the Catholic Church to give it in her name; and should he take upon himself to give it without that authority, he would do nothing. Hence also although he has received power to consecrate the bread and wine as long as he lives, yet if he should venture to offer the Divine Sacrifice when he is not authorized by the Catholic Church to do so, he would (so far from benefiting any one) commit a sin, and it would be the absolute duty of the faithful, rather to go all their lives

without attending the Divine Sacrifice, than to kneel before the altar where he professed to offer it; they would sin if they did otherwise. Hence also, although a bishop has received power to confer holy orders as long as he lives, yet if he should do it when he was not authorized by the Catholic Church to do so, the person who received those orders would be wholly unable to use them for the benefit of any man unless and until they received the authority of the Catholic Church to do so. These principles will explain all the questions on this subject which perplex Anglicans and other Protestants, although we have not now space to go into all the details; and the fundamental truth upon which they all depend is, that the Catholic Church is not separable from the Eternal Son who is her life and who acts in and by her.

Then arises a third question, What is the condition of bodies of men, calling themselves Christians and Catholics, but who are not in communion with her? It is clear that they are aliens from the body of Christ. Nor does it make any difference if the members of such a society call it either 'a Church' or "the Church," nor yet if they obtain for their society the services of bishops really consecrated but who are not acting by the authority of the Catholic Church and in obedience to her. All sacraments administered in such a body and by its authority are either null and void, or at least wholly without any beneficial effect upon any human soul. The only exception to this rule is Holy Baptism; and that is an exception, not because the body to which the person baptizing belongs has any power or authority to baptize, but only because, by the merciful appointment of the Divine head of the Catholic Church, all persons baptized by any person whatever with the right matter, form, and intention, become by their baptism members, not of the sect to which the person who baptized them belonged, but of the one Catholic Church, and continue to be so unless and until, by some act of their own, they forfeit the privilege. Thus no one body separated from visible communion with the one visible body of the Catholic Church is in any sense "a Church" or "a branch of the Church," but merely a sect schismatical or heretical; and that, equally, whether it has or has not validly ordained bishops. Hence it is that to Catholics the question whether a particular sect called Episcopal has or has not valid orders, does not seem very practical, because, even if it had, yet being separated from the body of Christ, its bishops and clergy are not authorized by it, and therefore can do nothing for the souls of men. To this there is only one exception. The Church, with that tender compassion which always animates her, has authorized and commanded all priests whatever to give absolution *in articulo mortis* if it is impossible to obtain the services of a priest with ordinary powers. A schismatical priest, therefore, in such a case, gives valid absolution, not because the necessity gives him a power which, not being authorized by the Church, he would not otherwise possess, but because the Church has given him authority; and this is the only

case in which his ministration is valid.

We need hardly add that, in saying that all members of all such separated bodies are aliens from the body of Christ, we are far from limiting the grace and mercy of God towards them. That "no grace is given outside the Church" is one of the Jansenist propositions condemned by the Church, and one which no Catholic can hold. On the contrary, we are sure that there is no man upon earth to whom grace is not given sufficient for his salvation, if he receives and improves it. As for men who are *bonâ fide* in invincible ignorance, believing that they are right, and really desiring to follow the will of God in everything as far as they know it, no one doubts that they are within the Spirit of the one Catholic Church, even though not in its body. It is no marvel or perplexity to us, but only a cause of abundant thanksgiving, that some men who have thus been unconsciously members of a schismatical body, have attained to great and heroic measures of sanctity. But even in these cases they derive no grace or benefit from or through the schismatical sect of which they are members, but from the one Catholic Church to which they belonged in will and heart and vow, although held apart from it by an intellectual error. And this once more applies as much to the members of a non-Episcopal as to those of an Episcopal sect. Whether there are or are not validly consecrated bishops in it makes no difference to them.

THE LIVING DEAD.

We are surrounded by the living dead,
Men whose whole lives seem purposeless and vain.
They're bubbles in the air, husks 'mid the grain,
Mere walking flesh-piles without heart or head.
They're dead as those on whose old graves we tread,
Long years companioned with the flesh-fat worm.
To show they're men, they've nothing but the form.
They are not worth their daily meat and bread.
The marvels of creation move them not;
As well preach God unto a fleshless skull.
Surrounded by the grand and beautiful,
They're cold as icy stone of mossy grot.
Their life's a dream, a festering in the sun.
Snatched from this working-earth, who'd miss them?
None!

LEGEND OF SCATTERY ISLAND.

"Haste, and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see."—MOORE.

THERE are few more interesting or more picturesque objects than the Island of Scattery. In the pensive hours of his rambling days, how often has the poor scholar, hungry and weary as he was, gazed on it with delight and veneration from the wild shores of his early boyhood! Behold its time-worn tower (one of the finest of its structure in Ireland), rent from the base to the summit by the "lightning's fiery wing," and standing like some grim warder, hoary in years, as it were, to guard the solemn ruins that are scattered around it: there, that stern monument of ages looks far over the waves, stormy and boisterous, and is to the toil-worn mariner the landmark of a Christian haven. There can be little doubt but that the round towers of Ireland are of Christian origin, from the striking fact of their contiguity to the remains of our most ancient churches.

Reader, have you ever seen that tower and our "ancient fanes," when the red sun, sinking behind Loop Head, shed its parting light on the gray stone, the crumbling yellow mass, and dyed the majestic Shannon to a crimson flood of glory? On such a glorious evening as this, in centuries gone by, a boat containing three individuals touched at the western point of the island. Two of those persons sprang lightly to the shore, and pulled the bow of the boat up on the pebbled strand, while the third, who was a young man bearing a serious and solemn aspect far at variance with his years, remained seated in the stern. His countenance was pale, his hair cut short; he wore a loose dress of some sable texture; a string of beads, composed of coral and gold, hung from his neck; his feet were sandalled, and on his breast was stamped the symbol of a cross, like the warriors of Palestine, the valiant Crusaders. Of a far different feature and dress were his companions. A hue, soft and brilliant as the blushing orient, spread on their cheeks. They had blue laughing eyes, from which the light of eternal joy seemed beaming; they wore short robes of snowy whiteness, and their hair fell in a rich profusion of curls, which mocked the lustre of gold, over their shoulders. One of those mysterious beings now beckoned the young man in the boat to come on the shore. He instantly rose, bent his body downwards with profound and awful reverence, and taking a staff similar to a crozier, which was laid beside him, in his right hand, he set his foot upon the island.

This man was St. Senanus, says the legend; and those who accompanied him were not of this world, but the messengers of heaven, sent

to point out the spot of his future hermitage; and now that they had fulfilled their sacred mission, they prepared to depart; but first told the saint that he should be blessed with a vision from above on the anniversary of that night during every year of his pilgrimage. It was further enjoined, on pain of the forfeiture of divine grace, that he should permit none of womankind to land on the island. They then bade him farewell.

The tiny bark, with its celestial occupants, soon shot away from the island o'er

"The line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave to the burning west."

Senanus long and wistfully gazed after them, but their track of sunbeams suddenly glowed too dazzling for mortal vision. The saint averted his eyes, and when once more he looked to the westward, they had vanished with the last ray of "the day's dying golden glory."

Senanus having knelt and prayed until his precious beads sparkled in the silvery rays of the blessed moonlight, now rose, and walked up by the shore at the north side of the island. Here he found a small square building, rudely constructed, with an awning of brambles and greensward, and marked it out as his nightly resting-place. The ruins of it are visible to this day, and known by the name of "St. Senan's bed." There is a tradition concerning it to the effect, that if any female should make it a place of repose, she never would be blessed with children. And the only supposed origin of this tradition is, that Senanus had

—"Sworn this sainted sod
Should never by woman's foot be trod."

When he rose from his hermit couch in the morning, he saw some canoes close to the island. The canoes were of a very primitive structure, and covered with goat-skins. The fishermen, whose rude clothing was of the same material, were not occupied in their usual avocation, but rested on their oars, and gaped towards the shore with haggard looks, in which were depicted both amazement and awe. When, however, they saw the saint come forth from his place of repose, and marked (what seemed to them) the uncouth strangeness of his loose attire, their astonishment evidently gave way to consternation; they stretched to their oars, and without once venturing to look behind, rowed with incredible speed far out into the expanse of waters between the shores of Scattery and the creek of Querin. On the next morning many more canoes were seen near the island, and one of them rowed boldly to the shore. Senanus saw a hoary-headed man stepping from this canoe on the strand, and he walked down from the hermitage to meet him. When they came within a few yards of each other, the venerable stranger accosted the saint with manifest indications of respect and wonder. He was one of the "Fileahs," or ancient bards of the time; his white locks flowed loose to the wind, and a small rude harp vibrated to its cadence, as it hung over his shoulders. Senanus, who was gifted by heaven with an intuitive knowledge of all languages, understood the aged minstrel to inquire who he was, his mission, and whence he had come; he further learned from him that the island on which they now stood was looked upon by the fishermen

as the creation of divine or supernatural agency; for that it never before had been visible upon the waters of the Shannon; and that he himself was, as a natural consequence, supposed by them to be a blessed spirit or a mighty magician—in short, that the island of Scattery, like Aladdin's palace, made its appearance in the brief space of one night! Senanus informed the bard that he had been a soldier, and had joined in the memorable war of the first Crusades: that he had a vision on the battle-field of Palestine, in which he was directed by Heaven to go to the western shores of Erin, and he would be shown a lonely island, where he could spend the remainder of his days, in a manner most acceptable to God, by living in strict solitude and devotion: that, in obedience to the divine mandate, he set sail for this country; but the ship in which he sailed, though she had a fine fair wind all the passage homeward, became utterly becalmed for two days between Brandon and Loop Head, and lay like a log on the waters. "However, on the third day," continued the saint, "a boat rowed by two men appeared, coming towards the ship from the Kerry shore. The boat soon came alongside the vessel, and the men, who were habited something like sailors, civilly inquired if any passengers on board desired to land. Now, I was the only passenger in that motionless bark; and not knowing how long the dead calm might continue, I gladly availed myself of the unlooked-for opportunity to set my foot without delay on the shore of my destination. I instantly expressed my wishes to the newcomers, and bidding farewell to the captain and crew, I was soon, with my few worldly effects, deposited in the small boat, and the men plying their oars began to move briskly away from the vessel. We had proceeded but a short distance when the wind suddenly rose, and gazing behind at the ship, I saw that the change of the elements had already acted upon her: the sails, which a moment before hung flapping from the yards, were distended to their utmost stretch; and dashing the billows into clouds of spray, she stood away to the northward. I again turned round to my companions, and, to my great awe and astonishment, perceived that not only those persons, and the boat in which we sat, but I myself had undergone a deep and mysterious change: they were no longer the coarse-visaged and roughly-attired men with whom I had left the ship; their features were lighted up with angelic beatitude; their snow-white garments, pure and light as the ethereal region from which they had descended, seemed to my eye as if they would melt at the contaminating touch of mortality. I no longer heard the plashing of oars; those two sublime beings remained silent and motionless, with their arms crossed over their breasts, while the boat, which had been changed to a crystalline substance in which the hues of the rainbow were a million of times reflected, glided noiselessly on, impelled by an invisible power, not to either of the opposite shores, but up the river towards this island. As to myself, my whole nature was changed. I felt as if my soul had imbibed a portion of the divine ex-

halations, the enchanting odors which impregnated the air around me. My attire was also miraculously transformed: I became apparelled as you behold me; a hermit's staff was placed near me, and on my breast was the same red cross before which the Saracen 'bit the dust' at the Holy Wars. Dumb from supernatural awe, when I essayed to inquire whither my unearthly companions were bearing me, my speech faltered, and the words died away on my lips. At sunset we reached the western shore of this island. Bounding to the strand, the mysterious pair drew up the boat from the waters, thus performing a servile office to a frail worm of the earth, which should teach blind and presumptuous mortals to practice the virtue of humility. One of them now raised his right hand, and beckoned me to follow. I obeyed with reverence, and stepped on the shore. 'Senanus,' said the beautiful being, 'as thou hast nobly fought for the cross of thy salvation, it is the will of the Most High that thou shouldst no longer be exposed to the seductions and temptations of this frail world. Thou hast seen a vision in Palestine, and we, commissioned from above, have thus conveyed thee to the scene of thy future pilgrimage in this life. This is the island of thy destination, where, for the remainder of the days allotted to thee, thou art to dwell, severed by the wild waves from the haunts of all other mortals. Take heed, lest the daughters of earth intrude on the sanctuary of thy retirement! Their eyes may prove the false light, their voices the siren lure, which would lead thee from the port of Paradise. As a token of the favor and protection of Heaven, thou shalt be blessed with a vision in a year from hence, and so on through each year of thy pilgrimage.' My sacred monitor and his companion bade me farewell. They sailed from the island back to the westward. And now, venerable stranger, thou hast heard my story!" The hoary bard clasped his hands before his forehead, and bowed lowly to the earth. He unslung the harp from his shoulders, and bending on one knee, thrilled a strain to the clouds, of unearthly melody. Then rising, he exclaimed—"Thou favored of heaven, happy was the chance that led me to thy solitude; but this is holy ground, and here I shall no longer intrude. The days that remain to me are but few, yet I would fain behold thee again, and receive thy benediction ere my bones shall be laid in the grave! Farewell!" "Nay," returned Senanus, "come when thou wilt; thou art superior to the ordinary race of mortals! Thou, and those of thy sublime genius, can soar above the nothingness of this paltry world; thy harpings breathe the spirit of a sacred isle—they shall betimes exalt my soul to celestial contemplation, and a communion with thee shall sweeten my terrestrial solitude!" "Before this day," said the bard, "my harp hath been attuned to the deeds of war; I have ever borne it to the battle-field; its vibrations have resounded only amid the din of the conflict and the groans of the dying: never, until now, was it strung to the hallowed strains of peace and devotion. Alas! that the notes of the harp should ever waken to conjure up

the ruthless passions of mankind! Favored of heaven, once more farewell—we shall soon meet again!" The old man went down to the shore, re-entered his canoe, and, with those who accompanied him, left the island.

Senanus returned to his rude dwelling, and found that by mysterious agency, a simple but wholesome repast, such as might suit the palate of a hermit, had been spread there in his absence; and he beheld, with great joy, this manifest proof of divine protection. Some months rolled on, when the aged minstrel returned, and with the consent of the saint, fixed his permanent abode on the island. But he died before a year had expired, and was buried in the church next "St. Senan's Bed," though tradition does not point out his grave. Exactly one year from the day of the saint's arrival in Scattery, a bright flame (says the legend) was seen at night, encircling the summit of the round tower, in the midst of which Senanus descried the forms of those blessed pilots with whom he had landed, and the same vision appeared through every year of his pilgrimage.

Several years had gone by, and nothing occurred during that time to disturb or distract Senanus in the retirement of his "lonely isle." But at length a lady who had seen him in the Holy Land, and followed him to Europe, discovered, by some unknown means, the scene of his retreat. The ill-fated Kathleen is said to have sought Saint Kevin over the dreary mountains of Wicklow, until she found him sleeping in the rocky recess of Lugduff; but it must be confessed that the woman who follows the object of her love over the billows of the ocean, and seeks him for years, cherishes no ordinary degree of romantic attachment. One stormy night, Senanus observed a boat lowering her sails, and preparing to anchor round the eastern point of the island. He thought this a strange circumstance, as nothing larger than a canoe had approached the shores of Scattery since the day he landed. Wrapping his hermit's cassock around him, and throwing a cowl over his head, he went eastward by the shore to take a closer view of the mysterious bark. He found that she had already anchored, and not a sound was heard on board, save the wind whistling through her cordage, and the creaking of her topmost spars, as they quivered in the blast. Our hermit walked out to the farthest point of the rocks, near where the pier is now standing, and saw the figure of a female emerging, as it were, from the interior of the unknown vessel. He first fancied, as the night was rather dark, that this might be a delusion; but a sound at length broke on his ear—that dispelled all doubt of the reality: it was the voice of a woman! Senanus listened again with breathless attention, and the silvery tone of that sweet voice was heard once more, even through the wildness of the night. He saw that form before—he heard before the music of that tongue in a far, far distant land!

No wonder that the soul of the recluse became agitated—he knew that lovely being loved him; and he bitterly thought on the pains and perils she must have undergone

through long years of sore trial, ere she found his remote solitude. This was a moment of powerful and afflicting temptation; but he remembered the last warning of his sacred monitor! Other figures now ascended to the deck of the vessel, and from a sudden bustle among them, there seemed to be an evident preparation for landing: they moved to and fro in obedience to the slightest beck of the female. At this moment, Senanus raised his voice to a pitch almost superhuman,—"Land not here!" he cried, "for this soil is sacred to Heaven, and no daughter of earth shall set her foot thereon! Loose thy bark to the winds, and seek another shore. Begone! begone!"

The hermit had not been seen by any on board the vessel until his voice was heard; and his figure, like that of some gloomy apparition, as he stood on the surf-beaten rock, with his uplifted arm, and his sable weeds fluttering in the wind, was well calculated to inspire supernatural awe. The crew gazed on him from the deck in motionless silence. Tradition here steps in to our aid: it tells us that Senanus inexorably rejected the fervent entreaties of the lovelorn maiden to become a sharer of his solitude and his devotion, and insisted that she should immediately leave the island. In a few minutes the anchor was weighed, and the hapless bark driven by the violence of a fierce easterly gale, foundered that night in that part of the Shannon, called Bayle Bar. Some days after, as the hermit was wandering round the island, he discovered the body of a lady, which was cast on shore near Rynanna Point, her features unchanged in death, and her fingers were adorned with rings of exquisite workmanship and great value. It is needless to say that she was the lost and lovely one who left that island a few nights before. Great was the anguish of Senanus at beholding this truly mournful spectacle. He made a grave for her with his own hands, and offered a nightly requiem for her soul. Senanus, who had long since marked out his own "last bed" adjacent to the hermitage, died in a few years after this singular event. Such, reader, is our legend of Scattery Island. If it partakes of a more serious and solemn character than the generality of Irish legends, it is in perfect keeping with the lonely and sanctified grandeur of the scene, with its venerable tower and ancient shrines. We conclude with a dirge for the devoted "fair one," who traced the saint to his solitude.

In that isle, 'midst stormy waters,
Hath her narrow grave been made:
Fondest of the earth's fair daughters,
There her gentle form is laid!

Lovely victim—the wild billow
Cast thee on that lonely shore:
Thine is now a sacred pillow;
Calmly sleep, for evermore!

Pure thy love; thy heart's devotion,
And thy hapless fate we mourn;
To thy home beyond the ocean,
Never more shalt thou return!

By that hermit, sad and holy,
Whom no mortal ties could bind,
Weeping—bending o'er thee lowly—
Were thy bones to dust consigned.

Thus he prayed—"Thou flow'ret blighted,
Be thy lightest sin forgiven;
Those whom earth hath not united,
May their souls unite in Heaven!"

HENRY EDWARD MANNING, SECOND ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

Nothing could be more out of place than to attempt, in a periodical like ours, and at the present time, anything like an historical memoir of his Grace, the Archbishop of Westminster. It would be impertinent in us to criticize, perhaps not less so to praise the acts of one in his Grace's high position; these will form matter for the impartial judgment of great writers long after we of the present generation are "laid in the mould." Our aim in this, our present number, is simply to give, in a few words, some outlines of his life, leaving other parts untouched; selecting such only as seem to have tended, in a special way, to form a character, and shape the course of a career amongst the most remarkable in our day. Our aim is to do what is done by the artist of a portrait sketch, who rejects many expressions, and chooses one; leaves out lights and shades innumerable, but gives in a few strokes those lines which denote the character, and express the likeness.

Henry Edward, second Archbishop of Westminster, was born at Totteridge House, Hendon, in the county of Middlesex, on July 15th, 1808; by a coincidence, on the day dedicated to his namesake, St. Henry. He is descended from an ancient knightly race, that won their coat of arms with floreated cross and motto, "*Malo mori quam fœdari*," telling of noble deeds for faith and fatherland in the days of the Crusades. He is the youngest of the four sons of the late William Manning, Esq., an eminent London merchant, formerly governor of the Bank of England, and for many years a member of the House of Commons. Henry Edward was educated at Harrow and at Oxford, where he formed many firm friendships with men who have since distinguished themselves in public life; not the least intimate of these was contracted with William Ewart Gladstone, the present premier. Some of these friendships have, we believe, endured the rough divergence of changed convictions on the most vital subjects, which so often separate the nearest friends. In his youth, it is not out of place to mention that, like most English gentlemen, he was a good horseman and cricketer; and we are told appeared in "the eleven" at many a hardfought public match of the national game. He went up to Oxford in 1827, and matriculated at Balliol, then noted as holding a place only second to Oriel, the college of which Dr. Whateley and afterwards Dr. Newman were the leading spirits, as an assembly of first-rate men of talent, both as tutors and students. Amidst such advantages he pursued his university career. Having come to Oxford with the reputation of very superior abilities, he became known as one of the hard readers of the place, and was remarkable for his power of concentrating his mind on any given subject, and his clear-

ness and accuracy in dealing with it.

Thus, though possessed of great natural gifts, or rather because he possessed them, he felt all the more bound to cultivate to the utmost those powers, on which so many young men of talent presume, allowing them to lie uncultivated, or wasting them by diffusion, inconstancy, or ambitious extension of aim.

At the examination in 1830, which ended his undergraduate career, Henry Edward Manning came out in the first class of classical honors. Soon after taking his degree, he was elected Fellow of Merton College, and had leisure for some time to pursue his private studies.

The bent of his mind at this period was most decidedly for political life, and his choice would have been to enter Parliament; but severe mercantile losses which his father had recently suffered, made this for the time unadvisable, and he applied for and obtained an appointment in the Colonial Office, with a view to a diplomatic or parliamentary career. We might easily speculate, if it were to the purpose, on the career which might have been opened to him had he brought into the arena of politics the peculiar qualities of his mind and character; an intuitive knowledge of men; capacity in dealing with them; a faculty for grasping the essential points in a question; for mastering details; retaining and reproducing what he knew—a power not so much to originate as to utilize the work of other men; administrative ability; energy and unsparing labor; that cheerful courtesy of manner which goes so far in personal influence; a peculiar power of conciliating those who differed from one another, or from himself, and of getting them to act in unison; a rare power of clothing his ideas in luminous and felicitous expression; ready wit and ready speech, and gift of repartee, joined to a rare self-command; a power of waiting; and a gift of reticence in an eminent degree.

These are characteristic qualities which all will concede are possessed by his Grace; these, or less than these, are the requisites of an eminent statesman, and may be envied by many first-rate men called to the helm of Government, or making their way thither, who are doomed, perhaps, to fail of true greatness, merely because they are wanting in some of them.

But other and higher purposes than the attainment of secular power and greatness were in store for the future archbishop. He had at no time lived a worldly life, and, as a young man, he had been remarkable for his simple and manly tastes and amusements. For instance, he loved field sports and athletic games, while he made a resolution, and kept it, never to enter a theatre. The bent of his mind, however, was for the higher studies of metaphysics, ethics, and theology; and he was led to concentrate his thoughts on the great realities of truth, of God, of the invisible world, and of life eternal. His habitual vision of human life showed him man in probation upon earth, as the creature of God, having a work to do, a master to serve, a Saviour to love. A sermon in one of his earlier volumes, if we mis-

take not, reveals the master-spring of his whole moral life. It is on the text, "*Amor Christi urget nos;*" "The love of Christ constraineth us."

The life of the natural man, and all that ends with time paled before the splendor of the supernatural vocation of man to work for God, and bring other souls to Him. With the world before him, and the choice, if he had pleased, of the path of worldly ambition, with every prospect of success, he deliberately turned aside, and embraced the supernatural life as he then knew it. Now we find him retired from the busy world of politics and pleasure, and for many long years busied in a country parish, in a secluded valley of Sussex. Here it was that, as rector of Lavington, he began that course of study, first, of the older Anglican divinity, and then of the Holy Fathers and Schoolmen of the Church, which was at length to lead him, by God's grace, to the full gift of the Catholic faith. From his earliest years he had believed the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and came to hold the principle of a visible church endowed by Heaven with authority of teaching, and of discipline, and with the power of administering grace through the sacraments. Into the working out of this idea, as he supposed it was realized in the Anglican Church, he threw himself heart and soul; first, in ministering to his simple flock, to whom he was devoted; and next, in the more extended sphere opened to him, when, in 1840, he was appointed to the archdeaconry of Chichester, the diocese in which his parish was situated.

It was about this time that he preached a remarkable sermon in the Cathedral of Chichester, at the bishop's visitation, in which he insisted, much to the amazement of most of his clerical brethren, and not least of the bishop, on the doctrine of apostolic succession and priesthood, as taught by the earlier divines of the Anglican communion. A little later he laid down, in his memorable volume on the "Unity of the Church," premises that after many years led him to the Church as a logical necessity; when putting from him the teacher's robe, he sat down to learn as a catechumen at the feet of the Ancient Mother Church, Catholic and Roman; of which, like St. Augustine, when he had quitted the camp of heresy, he was destined to become a distinguished light.

The conviction which led to this act of submission was, we believe, brought to a point in 1850, by the well known "Gorham case," which involved not merely the question of baptismal regeneration, but by implication, whether the Church of England had not, in abandoning the supremacy of Rome for that of the Crown, at the time of the change of religion, resigned all claim to teach with authority, and forfeited all right to be considered as forming any part of the teaching Church established by our Lord. Against the decision of the Privy Council in the above case, and against the principle involved in it, the Archdeacon of Chichester entered his strenuous protest. Nor was this protest with him, as with so many others who appended their names to it, a courage which was to evaporate and die with the sound of the

words. He felt the question to be vital, involving his future in this world and beyond the grave. He was called to the chair at a large meeting held in London by some of the leading High Church clergy and laity, and aided in drawing up a series of resolutions, which were signed by nearly all present. They were to the effect, that, unless the Church of England should emphatically disown the authority of the Privy Council in defining what doctrines were to be taught in that communion, it had virtually ceased to form any part of Christ's mystical body, the Church. Of those who put their names to this paper, a minority only gave effect to their words by resigning their position in the body over which they had pronounced judgment. The Anglican Church made no act in repudiation of the supremacy of the Crown in matter of doctrine, and therefore having waited for many months to see whether the Church of England, as a body, would make any sign, he resigned his archdeaconery, and very shortly after his rectory; and in the spring of 1851 was received into the Catholic Church. He considered that the Gorham case had proved exhaustively that the Church of England was no part of the visible teaching Church.

The late Archdeacon of Chichester having made his submission to the Church, lost no time in preparing himself, at the express desire of the late Cardinal Wiseman, then his diocesan, for the Tonsure and minor Orders, which he received in April, 1851, from his Eminence in the private chapel of his residence in Golden Square. He was promoted to the subdiaconate on May 25th, to the diaconate on June 8th, to the priesthood on June 15th of the same year. In the autumn of this year he went to Rome, in order to go through a regular course of theology, and canon law, and from this time, he resided in Rome a considerable portion of each year. By the desire of his diocesan he studied the rule of the Oblates of St. Charles, with a view of introducing that holy institute into England. This he did when, on his return to take up his residence in England, he was appointed to the parochial charge of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater. Having established the house of the Oblate, and directed the mission for about eight years, on the death of Cardinal Wiseman the first Archbishop, he was nominated by the special choice of the Pope to the vacant See of Westminster. He was consecrated, in presence of a vast concourse of the faithful, in the pro-Cathedral, of St. Mary, Moorfields, on the 8th of June, 1865.

As we began by saying the time has not come for treating of the episcopate of Archbishop Manning, so we earnestly hope that it may be long ere that history will be written. When this is done, men will be able to appreciate the very distinguished part taken by his Grace in the Vatican Council, and what has been done by him for religion and education in the space of a few years, during which the Archbishop has shown, beyond the possibility of doubt, that he was "the right man in the right place."

WHERE MUSIC DWELLS.

Music floating from the waters, ebbing through the valley slowly,
Music where the shattered torrent rises in a surge of hail,
Music where the bee returning cleaves some silent aisle-glade holy,
Music where a maiden wanders singing softly through the vale.

Music in a roadside cottage, from the evening group assembled,
Children gathered round their elders, manhood, age, and lisping child,
And the willing breeze, that near the door with wavering tone has trembled,
Bears away the song's last accents up the mountain pathway wild.

Music in the stately mansion, where the banquet proud is given,
Midst the portraits of ancestors, armor grim, and sword and shield,
And the music seems to wake to life foes that long since have striven,
And the prancing charger champs his rein across the conquered field.

Music where the blooming maiden, with sweet hope of summer standing,
Hears the minstrel of the village chanting forth his happy glee,
And the youth who meet together, in light groups of laughter standing,
Join the maidens dancing with them round the Fathers' old oak-tree.

Music where the child is asking its first accents of its mother,
Music where the mother stoopeth softly o'er the cradle dear;
Sweeter songs are on her lips than can be sung by any other,
Who hath also not been gladdened by a mother's sacred tear?

Music where the spirit only thinketh what it would to heaven,
Music in the student's labors, in the poet's early dream,
Music even in those sorrows unto which by nature given,
With the darkest currents mingling, flow sweet voices of life's stream.

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

IMAGINING ourselves for a moment to be in California, in Calaveras County, we follow the course of an affluent of the Stanislaus, which winds serpentlike, and with many an eddy, along one of the valleys that penetrate the Sierra Nevada; and at about fifteen miles from Murphy's, we come to a circular basin sequestered among the hills. Its diameter may be a mile, and its elevation from 4000 to 5000 feet above the sea-level. Here we find ourselves in presence of the giants —real giants of the vegetable kingdom, such as we should never have expected to see in these post-diluvian days. Not without emotion, and a profound sense of admiration, do we gaze upon them. The wind blows cold, and the heights around are covered with snow; but we heed not the blast; the snow brings out the trees in better relief; the sight repays us for all our fatigue, and makes us forget the wearisome return-journey yet to be encountered. It is not an every-day occurrence to stand under the shadow of trees that began to grow centuries before the birth of Christianity. What changes have come over the world —how many empires have risen and fallen since first their branches waved in the breeze! There they stand, ninety of them, living witnesses of a past far more remote than the earliest dawn of American tradition.

The smallest of these giants is fifteen feet in diameter. They occupy an extent of about fifty acres in the basin above mentioned, where they tower above all others of their species. The tall trees among the latter appear dwarfs in comparison. Long fringes and festoons of yellow moss and lichen hang around their proud trunks; and a parasite growing from their roots—a kind of *hypopithys*—shoots its graceful stems, adorned with bractea and rose-colored flowers, to a height of ten feet. The place has thus the double charm of beauty and magnificence.

It will be understood, of course, that the giants here spoken of are pine-trees. The tops of many are broken and mutilated by the weight of the snow which in winter accumulates on their terminal branches; and some have been injured at the base by the camp-fires of Indians. A few have been so deeply hollowed by repeated burning, that a whole family might lodge with all their household gear in the blackened excavations. The bark generally is marked by deep longitudinal furrows, presenting the appearance of pillars or fluted columns. One has been stripped of its bark to a height of 100 feet; and a spiral row of pegs driven in, forms a not very safe means of ascent around the bare portion, yet the tree flourishes above as vigorously as ever.

The proprietor of the neighboring tavern conducts his guests to the site of these prodigies of vegetation, and tells their names—he in most instances having been sole sponsor. First he calls attention

to the Big Tree, which is, or rather was, 95 feet in circumference, and 300 feet high; for now it lies prostrate, a monarch pulled down by the hands of republicans. Five men were employed for twenty-five days in felling it. They drew a line all round seven feet from the ground, and along this they bored holes close together to the very centre of the stem with an enormous auger, so that the tree losing its equilibrium, at last fell with a shock that echoed like thunder among the hills. Three weeks more were spent in stripping off the bark for a length of 52 feet only; and now the king of the forest has one side flattened to be used as a "bowling alley," at the end of which stands a small wooden house where the players may quench their thirst with juleps and cocktails. To what base purposes may we not descend? To be told that a wagon and horses could travel easily along the overthrown stem, excites no surprise when we know that its diameter at the thickest end is 23 feet 7 inches, without reckoning the bark, which would be about three feet more. The stump has also been turned to account; its upper surface is smoothed and polished, and supports a pavilion in which visitors may sit and contemplate the scene around.

Having satisfied our curiosity with regard to the Big Tree, we are next conducted to the Miner's Cabin, which stands 300 feet high, and is 80 feet in circumference; to the Old Bachelor, the same height, but 20 feet less in girth; the Hermit, so named from standing a little apart from the rest, a handsome fellow, with one side of his trunk scorched, containing, however, according to the calculation of a knowing "lumber merchant," 725,000 feet of timber. Then we have the Husband and Wife, not more than 250 feet high, leaning towards each other at the summit; and the Three Sisters, growing apparently from the same root—a remarkably fine group. They are all 300 feet high, and 92 in girth; and the middle one has not a branch below 200 feet. Further on, the Mother and Son attract attention—the lady being 325 feet high, and the youth 300: perhaps he has not done growing. In girth they are both alike—93 feet. Then the Siamese Twins and their Guardian; the Old Maid, like the Bachelor, isolated; but her head is bald; and the Bride of California, the Beauty of the Forest, Mister Shelby, and Uncle Tom's Cabin. This latter has a hollow at the bottom of the trunk large enough to seat twenty-five persons, to which you enter through a gap 10 feet high and 2 feet wide. The Horseback Ride is an old hollow trunk fallen down, in which visitors may ride on horseback.

There are other trees and other names, but those we have enumerated will, perhaps, suffice. The Family Group, however, must not be passed over in silence: it comprises twenty-six trees, among which are seen father, mother, and twenty-four children. The father lost his perpendicular years ago, and fell down, and yet he is 110 feet in circumference at his base; he was, as is supposed, when in his prime, 450 feet high. The portion which remains is hollow throughout, and partly buried in the soil, while from underneath bursts a perennial spring, which it covered in its fall.

The mother is 327 feet high, and 91 in girth; the children are not quite so large.

Dr. Bigelow, in a work on the subject which was published by the Government, says:

"These mammoth trees, by their stately and majestic bearing, strike the beholder with awe and wonder, and cause him almost involuntarily to bow before them, as the kings of the forest. Their whole number does not exceed five hundred, and all are comprised within an area of of about fifty acres. Only eighty or ninety of them are of gigantic size. Their extremely limited locality and number forcibly impress the traveller with the belief that the species will soon be extinct, as is further evinced by their slow reproduction. Indeed, these giants of the forest are so marked in their rusty habits from their present associates, that we can hardly view them in their present relations except as links connecting us with ages so long past that they seem but reminiscences of an eternal bygone. They seem to require but the process of petrifaction to establish a complete palæontological era."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DIVINE LIFE OF THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN MARY, being an abridgment of THE MYSTICAL CITY OF GOD. By Mary of Jesus of Agreda. Translated from the French of the Abbe Joseph A. Boullan, Doctor in Theology. Philadelphia, Pa., 1872: P. F. Cunningham.

One of the most remarkable books ever written, perhaps, was "The Mystical City of God," of which "The Divine Life of the Most Holy Virgin Mary" is an abridgment. The body of the work comprises, as stated in the title, a history of the divine life of the blessed Virgin, as written by the venerable Mary of Jesus of Agreda, who, it is claimed, was specially chosen by our Lord as the medium through which to reveal and explain many of the divine mysteries that cluster around the life of our blessed Mother.

Speaking of this wonderful work, Father Laurent, in his introduction to the Life of the author, says:

"At thirty-five years of age, in one of her ecstatic visions, she receives from heaven the order to write the history of the Mother of God. Through humility, she declines the honor, thinking herself unworthy; she seeks to avoid that mission which she judges herself incapable of accomplishing, but the will of the Lord being clearly manifested, she obeys as a submissive daughter, and writes that admirable book, 'The Mystical City.' Divine inspiration is impressed on every page. Reading it we become convinced that it was only in the heavenly regions into which she has vanished that she could have acquired the knowledge of the most sublime mysteries, the revelation of the most adorable and ineffable designs of the Most High in the august Mary. It is under the direction of Mary that she traces the history of the mortal life of the Queen of Heaven, so that this work, written by a poor girl, destitute of human or

acquired science, and living in the obscurity of the cloister, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary and astonishing which has ever come from the hand of a living creature. The author unhesitatingly touches the highest mysteries of religion, and explains them with rare clearness. She develops, without embarrassment, and with wonderful facility, Catholic dogma, and the most difficult passages of the Scriptures; sacred chronology is as familiar to her as to the most eminent doctors; she reveals the most hidden ways of Providence; sacred theology, sublime philosophy, natural sciences, persuasive eloquence, all are found there, even to neatness, correctness, sublimity, strength, and elegance of style."

In the introductory notes in the volume before us, which by the way is not the least interesting feature of the work itself, is given an exceedingly interesting account of the history of this venerable lady, and the violent assaults to which her work was subjected, and its final vindication by a host of eminent fathers of the Church.

We are aware that all works claimed to have been written under inspiration are subject to, and generally receive, stanch opposition, if not ridicule, from a class who are always skeptical of anything having a tinge of the supernatural about it, but we do not think that any similar work ever before met with the same degree of objection from those "within the pale" as at first did "The Mystical City." Nor are we surprised at this when we remember how careful the Church has ever been in these matters.

Considering the nature of the subject treated, and the mysteries of religion, philosophy, and science comprehended in this remarkable work, it is not to be wondered at that a difference of opinion should exist as to its truth and merits; but the judgment of the Church having been suspended, we conceive it to be the duty of all Catholics either to accept the statements as truths, or at least to withhold opposition until her potent voice is heard. This is the proper course, especially as the book has been most warmly accepted and approved by many distinguished theologians and a host of competent judges.

With regard to the manner in which such works should be received, the following explanation is given:

"We know and acknowledge with all the doctors that the Church never gives absolute authority to the particular revelations vouchsafed to some privileged souls. By her *approbation* she merely permits us to believe that probably they have been inspired by God. If, however, the faithful have sufficient motives to believe that they come from God, there is nothing to prevent them from admitting them and joining in their adhesion. Those who have reason to doubt, are not required to believe, on condition, however, that they neither blame nor condemn those who believe them according to the approbation of the Church, which is the supreme judge in these matters."

The appearance of this abridgment of The Mystical City at the present time will no doubt occasion new discussion on the subject by those who may be familiar with its history. We have no fears but that the fullest discussion will result in its vindication, and thus redound to the honor of her whose biography it is, and whom we delight, as Catholics, to call our Blessed Mother.

The work is presented to the public in excellent style, reflecting much credit on the publisher.

THE OFFERTORIUM. A complete collection of Music for the Sunday and Holiday Services of the Catholic Church. By William O. Fiske. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

We have received from the music publishing house of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, a copy of their new publication, entitled "The Offertorium," which is intended for the use of church choirs, and containing a collection of music for Sundays and Holidays.

The first thing to attract the attention of the musical connoisseur is the great *quantity* of matter furnished, as well as quality; there being five Masses and a number of fine selections for offertory, benediction, and vesper services.

The first mass is that of Dumont, arranged to be sung in unison, and well suited for Lent or Holy Week. The next is Webbe's Sixth Mass, a pleasing one and full of solo gems, especially the famous basso aria, "Domine Deus." The work is somewhat abbreviated, but its organ arrangement is a great improvement over the one in Walter's selection.

The Mass by Concine in E flat, hitherto unpublished in this country, is, perhaps, his best. It was originally written for *three* voices, but the fourth has been added to conform to the formation of our choir organizations. Mr. W. O. Fiske, the compiler of the work, has also added a new mass in four parts, which will prove a favorite.

The *Kyrie* is a fine *Moderato* in F major, easy of rendition and pleasing in character. The *Gloria* opens boldly with a chorus in B flat, modulating into a choice *Andante* in G major for a basso solo (Qui Tollis) suited for voices of good range and power. The *Credo* commences with a telling score in unison.

The *Et Incarnatus* is a glorious bass solo in A major, and at the "*Et Unum Sanctum*" there is another splendid unison, or choral movement. The figured vespers, by Buhler, are a feature of the work worthy of special notice.

The introduction of English hymns might have been dispensed with, as they are of but little use to choirs; and the Sodalities, for whom they are designed, generally have but so limited a musical knowledge as to be unable to use them.

On the whole, while it is not entirely free from defects, or by any means all that we would desire in such a collection of church music, yet we take pleasure, on account of its admirable arrangement, the quantity of music furnished, and its cheapness, to commend the Offertorium to the favor of Catholic choirs, and our choral friends generally.

MARION HOWARD, OR TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS. 627 pp. P. F. Cunningham, Philadelphia.

As a Catholic novel this is a rarity; for, indeed, seldom have we read with more interest and pleasure any book offered to the public as a Catholic novel than this. Indeed, we can regret that such books as this are so few. It is a story of English Episcopal life, and enables us to comprehend most clearly the doubts and fears which agitate the minds of so many Episcopalians, and which many try to soothe by Ritualism. The trials of Marion, the convert, is of the oft-repeated form, and yet the story contains such a clear and theologically correct exposition of the doctrines and practices of our holy Church that we recommend the reading of the book by such as will not read controversial or strictly religious works. To those seeking the truth, and yet hesitate to embrace it within the portals of the Church, we commend the book as showing the true doctrines, the family persecutions which too frequently follow those who become Catholics, and the glorious triumphs which await those who persevere unto the end. Mr. Cunningham certainly issues the book in an attractive style, and the merits of the work are such that he must be rewarded by a large demand. This kind of literature should be more abundant, and it can be procured if Catholics but encourage such additions as are made from time to time.

THE EXILED SOUL, AND SEMEIA, THE CHRISTIAN. Translated from the French by Miss Sue Blakely, of St. Mary's, Elk County, Pa., and published by P. Donahue of Boston. Received from Eugene Cummiskey, Philada.

The first is a legend of Judea at a time shortly after the death of Christ, and it is intended to convey to our minds the truth that all the honors and delights of earth do not compare with the "exquisite happiness" enjoyed by the souls in heaven, and that souls once enjoying the beatific vision cannot be reconciled to earth, but ever long to return to heaven. The soul is, indeed, exiled. That we are God's by right of creation, sanctification, and redemption, and that by calling a loved one from us, he is but exercising direction over his own, and setting a treasure, given us for a time, more brilliantly in heaven, are truths also taught us by this legend. But it has a defect where it gives the idea of "incompleteness" in heaven, and that celestial joy is

alloyed with the recollection of unfulfilled wishes of earth, as when Miriam, after her restoration to life by the holy hermit, tells Reuben, her lover, that she was "incomplete without him," and that her soul "did not possess all its strength and beauty." Of course, after this, we can only look for the union of the two. At the moment the ceremony was performed, Miriam "fell into an ecstasy, and with her eyes raised aloft, her hands extended and bidding farewell" to all, she passed from earth. Mostly the closing of a story ends well, but not so consider we this.

SEMEIA, THE CHRISTIAN, we like much better, as showing the beneficent influences of Christianity in its early days and among those who had seen the works of Christ. The results of passion, the mental miseries it entails, and the consolation which repentance gives, are all shown forth and impress us most forcibly. These two stories have been carefully and faithfully translated, and the publisher presents them to the public in a neat form.

SIX WEEKS ABROAD IN IRELAND, ENGLAND, AND BELGIUM. By Rev. G. F. Haskins. Boston: Donahue, 1872. Received through Eugene Cummiskey, Philadelphia.

In his modest preface, the reverend author tells us that his book makes no pretensions to learning or research; but we find evidences on every page of an intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of everything great and beautiful that he encountered on his tour through the countries described.

In an appendix is given a brief sketch of the life and labors of Father Haskins, with a well deserved tribute to his zeal and self-sacrifice in ministering to the spiritual and corporal wants of the thousands of homeless boys whom he has received and educated at the House of the Guardian Angel of Boston, of which excellent institution he is the founder and manager. The easy and familiar style in which the work is written renders it really enjoyable.

SERMONS ON ECCLESIASTICAL SUBJECTS. By Archbishop Manning. New York, 1872: Catholic Publication Society.

The Catholic Publication Society zealously continues to pursue its noble undertaking of spreading valuable and entertaining instruction throughout the land. The volume now before us appears foremost in the grand array of religious and literary treasures brought before the public. All the wealth of Dr. Manning's wonderful mind is freely and generously set before us like a banquet of piety, celestial truth, and angelic conversation. Distinguished scholars and modest pupils in the Christian catechism are equally at home with Dr. Manning. The sentiment which is frenzied fancy in the reader of romances and novels becomes a supernal rapture when read in Dr. Manning's lucubrations. With his words before our eyes, we muse as if we were gliding through the courts of heaven, hearkening to angelic voices.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From EUGENE CUMMISKEY, Philadelphia:

Going Home; a Catholic novel. Philadelphia: Eugene Cummiskey, 1872.

Travels in Europe and the Holy Land, by the Rev. Eugene Vetromile, D.D., Apostolic Missionary; two volumes. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

Hornehurst Rectory, by Sister Mary Frances Clare; two volumes. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1872.

Legends of St. Joseph. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadlier. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1872.

Newell & Creery's Readers; Creery's Spellers; Catechism of the United States. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.